Where Dark Shadows Play.

BY

HARVEY A. FULLER.

Mr & Mrs C. H. Parker.

To H. A. Fuller:

Friend, whose industrious hand hath penned for me
Lines which thy stricken orbs may never see,
Where e'er thy pathway wends, may Fate decree
Health, Wealth and Happiness to wait on thee.

—JOHN G. GREGORY.

(*In Author's Album.*)

WHERE
DARK SHADOWS PLAY.

By HARVEY A. FULLER,

The "Blind Lecturer."

With an Introduction by WILL CARLETON,

DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, WHERE DARK SHADOWS PLAY,
DWELLS THERE MY SOUL, AND IT TELLS OF NO RAY
OF SUN, MOON, OR STAR-LIGHT. NO BLISSFUL TO-MORROW
CAN LIFT THE DARK CLOUD FROM THAT REGION OF SORROW.

The Author.

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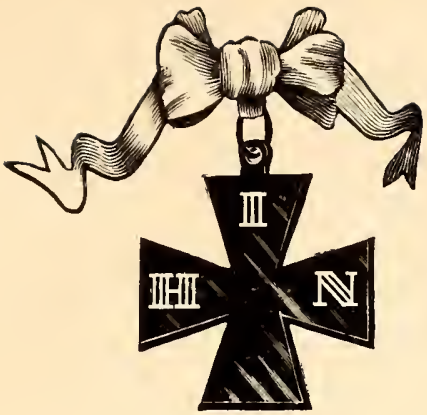

To

THE ST. JAMES' TEN OF

KING'S DAUGHTERS,

OF

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,

WHO,

"IN HIS NAME", are loyally striving to "Look forward and not back"—"Look out and not in"—"Look up and not down", and are ever ready to "Lend a Hand",

this work is gratefully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is nothing in Literature more interesting than the story of a human life. Indeed, almost everything written or printed, describes Man, or the relation to him of things and events.

History is largely the biography of men and women concerned in it; Fiction consists of the fragmentary descriptions of real or fancied characters; Science is most interesting and useful as it treats of the effects of the elements upon human beings; The Drama is Biography in letters of flesh and blood; and Poetry is or should be the Biography of the brain, heart, and soul, condensed and intensified. Not only is "the study" of "man" the "proper" one of "mankind," but it is the solace—the instruction—the principal amusement. Even Gossip—that favorite tongue-literature of the illiterate—consists largely of the biography of their neighbors.

Biography, in general, is of two classes: that given by another, and that written by the character himself. In the latter case, as we all know, it is called Autobiography. This seems to me to be the more interesting, as it is the rarer, of the two. Very few of the millions who have lived since Earth was made have favored us with a record of their own lives. Even that kind of Autobiography for exceedingly private circulation—the Diary—seldom survives January.

But when self-written accounts of interesting people have appeared, these have been highly valued and eagerly sought for by their fellow-beings. Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic Wars owe much of their intense interest to the fact, that through them we get so many straight looks at the character of this brilliant military phenomenon. General Grant's simple, straightforward account of his own life will probably always stand high among the English, or rather American, classics. Thomas Carlyle's "Reminiscences"—whatever may have been the advisability of publishing them—gave us more insight to the real Carlyle, than all the accounts ever written by outside parties. The "David Copperfield" of Dickens is considered his

masterpiece—largely because it contains so much of his own personal life, in that of the sturdy and earnest hero of the tale. Anthony Trollope's account of his own career was read by thoughtful people even more eagerly than were his novels. Hawthorne's Note-books are of higher value than are his "Scarlet Letter" and "House of Seven Gables"—because they give us so many inside pictures of Hawthorne himself:—of the man who created those wonderful poem-fictions.

Biographies themselves, are often composed largely of Autobiography. A hundred instances of this fact could be given, but one of the latest and most striking is that of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose admirable "Life," written by her son, allows her to say, in an Autograph-Introduction: "It is the true story of my life, told for the most part in my own words, and has therefore all the force of an autobiography."

In "Dark Shadows," we have really two Autobiographies in one: that of a boy who can see, and that of a man who is blind. We have the joyous, adventurous life of a youth, with senses practically unimpaired, endeavoring to make his way in the world,—taking with keen relish the joys of young

life—and then all of a sudden, the curtain falls, the scene changes, and a blind man is before us.

You have sometimes wondered how you would feel—what you would do—if suddenly struck blind. You shut your eyes: the panorama of varied and interesting views disappears—as if it were snatched away by the fingers of destruction. You may imagine *this* to be a realization of blindness; but it is not. You know and feel that at any moment you can raise the eye-lids, heal this self-imposed infliction, and draw the world back. You awake at night, perhaps: all is dark around you; you participate in Nature's temporary blindness. But you can still gaze from the window, and see candles, lamps, or the electric blaze; you can, may be, find stars in the sky—tokens that their parent or their brother, the Sun, yet exists; you can look forward a few hours to the glorious morning, when the mysteries will all be an open book. You have not yet stood in the black and ceaseless night of him who is permanently blind—who knows that he can never see this world again.

Little wonder, that the Author, at first, "envied the lowest reptile that could see"; that in the first writhings of his new and terrible agony, he "clutched

with a trembling hand the unsheathed dagger of suicide."

But Hope was still visible;—she can creep even within blindness, and always may be seen with the eyes of a brave heart. She was faithful to our friend; she made him think he could recover his sight. As is often her way, she deceived him—yet it was for a useful purpose. In his efforts to be cured of his malady, she led him to a humane and God-inspired Institution for the Blind, where there were others who could sympathize with him because in the same condition as himself—where those who could see would kindle his ambition, and tell him that the sightless need not keep away from the ladder of endeavor and achievement—and where even "the blind" could "lead the blind"—not "into the ditch," but toward the mountain-tops.

It is easy to perceive that from this Institution to the more general and literary one from which he finally graduated, his road, though a circuitous, was not a long one. It was but a little while before the sailor on the lakes, and the black-smith at the forge, became a hard, brain-working, ambitious student—and, in spite of the obstacles in his way, the happy

and triumphant college-graduate; with a scholastic degree which few people, even with their eyes in good condition, can ever hope to obtain. Immediately after—and even during his college course—we find him ministering to his fellow-men in both prose and song—giving helpful and humane lectures upon subjects that would do good—taking in his themes the whole range of Nature as it affected Humanity—from the gulfs of intemperance, to "What a Blind Man Saw Among the Stars." He has followed the iron trails of our numerous railroads up and down the country for many years—and carried blessings with him. The citizens of no locality can say that they are not better and happier for his presence.

He has, amid all the trials and fatigues of travel, found time to write several successful books, in prose and verse; he has composed both words and melody to a number of popular songs; and has made a reputation for himself as a gentleman, a scholar, and a good and valuable citizen of our country. He has shown a spirit of self-helpfulness—and that, upon a high, progressive, and noble plane. He has had sorrows and misfortunes—but rose from them every time—using the true recipe for success—honest and cour-

ageous toil—and an abiding faith in the Great Parent of All.

As a fellow-student and personal friend of Mr. Fuller, and certainly as a citizen of the United States and a member of the great human family—I would ask all who have the opportunity, to buy this new book-product of his pen—feeling that they will get their money's worth, and at the same time assist God to help one who, in spite of the most terrible misfortunes, still toils on bravely, and helps himself.

WILL CARLETON.

CONTENTS.

Page

INTRODUCTION 5

CHAPTER I.

The Drama Begun 15

CHAPTER II.

The Weird Actor 25

CHAPTER III.

Shifting Scenes 31

CHAPTER IV.

Darkness at Noontide 44

CHAPTER V.

Light in the Darkness 50

CHAPTER VI.

A Host of Actors 70

CHAPTER VII.

The Villain Unmasked 88

CHAPTER VIII.

Higher Drill 97

CHAPTER IX.

Finale 115

Poem by Author's Wife 119

CHAPTER X.

Rifts in the Shadows 121

She Hath Done What She Could 130

References 132

WHERE DARK SHADOWS PLAY.

Chapter I.

THE DRAMA BEGUN.

> "But at the conclusion of this drama of life, death strips us of the robes which made the difference between man and man, and leaves us all on our level in the grave."
>
> —*Don Quixote.*

TWENTY YEARS of successive sunshine and shadow had played their respective parts on the stage of life for me, before I entered upon the dark drama whose protracted act will close only with the dropping of the final curtain which shuts off the player forever from the human scene. And yet never dreaming of the strange transition, how was I to prepare myself for its tragic ordeal? Still it was a fortunate beginning of my life's career that I had sight so long.

Attention, the mother of memory, often directed my unwearied gaze to the dominion of the King of Day, who afterward veiled his face from me, and the glorious realm of the Queen of the Night, who with her virgin train long since disappeared from my view, leaving not so much as a rush-light to tell me whither they had strayed. Now thoughtful attention gathered up these beauties of nature, and glowing fancies of youth, and handing them to Memory bade her to keep them for me and disperse them along my path whenever the way became too dark and rough for my unaccustomed step. I shall not dwell long upon these kind remembrances of the bright and ever-varying past of sun-light and star-light, lest I suffer the condemnation which the great Poet placed upon the man devoid of sense:

"His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search." (*Merchant of Venice, Act. I.*)

I shall, however, take the liberty of presenting such thoughts for your consideration as I deem prudent, trusting they may serve to divert your mind from the general routine of business which so perplexes all of us. A little diversion in the way of reading not only improves the understanding but

induces forgetfulness of the ills of life, thus promoting happiness and good health as well. Give the little boy who is weary of walking a stick to stride and he will caper off on his imaginary horse as frisky as though he had just started from home. It must be confessed, however, that there are minds too obtuse to be materially elevated or depressed by any diversion whatever. Instead of the mind controlling the body, the body almost wholly controls and absorbs the mind. As George Eliot very truthfully and pointedly remarks: "We must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly fashioned instruments called human souls have only a limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony."

I am, moreover, prompted to write in order to answer the enquiries often put to me by individuals desirous of knowing something of my personal history. They wish to know where I came from, how long I have been here, and so on. These questions are pertinent enough, but I have not always the time to explain in detail; so I do up the bundle in a general way, label it "Book," mark the price on it,

and send it out to try the vicissitudes of fortune for itself. The interrogatories to be met on this occasion suggest the fashion of the Scottish divine, who gave for his text: "Your adversary, the devil, goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." He said he would tell them "who the devil he was; where the devil he came from; where the devil he was going to, and what the devil he was roaring about." As the preacher's subject varies from my own, I shall not attempt to follow him in every particular. The first item I shall notice in this connection is the place of my nativity. Most people attach great importance to their birth-place. For this I do not censure them, though I am inclined to also sympathize with the feeling of the Irishman who desired much to know the place of his death; "For," said he, "if I only knew where I am to die, I would be far from that place sure."

I was born near Mannsville, Jefferson County, New York, in the home of my grandfather. Having emigrated from Massachusetts—his native state—to this place, he cleared up the farm, on which he built the house wherein I was born, and which he resided in a number of years after this last event.

Having conducted you to the mansion in which I was born (a fine looking farm house whose gothic roof points upward so sharply as to nearly split the rain drops as they fall almost irrevently on its time-worn and moss-covered peak), we will now rest a while and take a survey of the country around us. Yonder to the eastward, beyond the little village of Mannsville (so called in honor of its founder, Mr. Mann), extend as far as the eye can reach the hills and dales of Lorraine. Thickly covered, not with cedars and pines, like the vine-clad hills of Judea which writers and speakers so often contrive to lug in whenever they wish to say something beautiful and have nothing else very beautiful to say, but with sturdy old hemlocks whose evergreen branches wave to and fro in the mazy autumnal breezes or the blasts of winter, like giants at a game of shuttle-cock, affording both shelter and fuel to those who require their aid. To make the place still more desirable, stately groves of sugar maple, of fruited beeches, and of berry bushes send out a cordial invitation to all mankind to come and partake of the luxurious repast which nature has so lavishly spread for them. Here the hum of the busy bee may be heard as it gathers

the nectar from the fragrant flowers, and here, also, may be heard the ring of the woodman's axe, the crack of the sportsman's rifle, the song of the mountain bird, the low growl of the bear, the howling of the wolf, the fierce scream of the panther and of the wild cat, all giving unmistakable evidence that you are in the midst of animated existence. You listen to wild melodies of Nature, sung not as the cultivated sing, but without stint or measure, without being doled out to you by dint of coaxing—sung freely, from Nature's orchestra, within her own gorgeous temple.

To the southward of us is a region of country called Sandy Creek, and about five miles from where we are standing, is a pleasant little village bearing the name of this township, of which it is the metropolis, though it was formerly called Shavers' Corners, by some facetious individuals who purchased their goods at that place. Hard-by this quiet hamlet is a silvery stream whose crystal waters sport playfully over their pebbly bed, never ceasing their meanderings through glade or glen until they are lost in the bosom of mother ocean, though, to speak plainly, they are obliged to pass through Lake Ontario and

down the River St. Lawrence, before they can get there.

Now, if you will look toward the place where the evening sun is dipping his shining locks in the waters of the beautiful lake which skirts the golden horizon, you will behold an interval of country bearing the significant though not very reverent name of No-God. Its present inhabitants manifest some dislike to this name which their ancestors or some of their contemporaries have bestowed on their country, so that a traveler passing through and inquiring the way to No-God, would be told all along the way that it was ahead of him until he nearly reached the lake shore, when he would be informed that he had left No-God, many miles in his rear. But as no other appellation has been patented, we shall be obliged, for the present, to use the old name.

As this section is not unlike those already described, we will now turn our attention to the fourth and our last point of compass, Tory Hill. Whether this country received its name from the Tory weeds which grow so profusely over its stony surface, or from the political sentiment of its inhabitants, I have not, after the most diligent research, been able to as-

certain. A stranger passing over this country would be reminded of the Yankee's description of his New England homestead, where he was obliged, he said, to grind the sheeps' noses that they might reach the grass that grew between the stones. The present inhabitants of this section do not, as a general thing, partake of its nature, though a portion of them are inclined in this direction.

My grandfather performed once some missionary labor there. Now, I do not mention the fact that my grandfather was a preacher out of any regard I have for family distinction. Ministers' families are no better than others, except as they receive better advantages, which was not particularly the case with ours. One of the sons, however, is a minister quite eminent in his profession. Another son was born with equa genius, and while he was young, people thought that he was "cut out" for a preacher. They endeavored to encourage him in this direction by commending him at school and in other places for his attainments. But not being fond of flattery, his indignation was aroused, and he determined to put an end to their talk as well as to defeat their plans for him. To accomplish this, he first resolved to recite his lessons

wrong, although he knew them perfectly well, and in this way he was successful. He was, no doubt, "cut out" for a preacher, but spoiled in making up.

But I must pause for a moment to wipe my eyes. Forgive these falling tears, but I can not help sighing, not for my uncle alone, but for all mankind. Poor, frail, erring, suffering, humanity! How often have thy children come forth well born, designed for great ends, patterns of true excellence—but spoiled in making up. 'Tis a mournful picture, this picture of human existence, paint it how you will. What a motley crowd! See the toiling millions! The codfish aristocracies! The vultures and their victims! The bulls and the bears, and the poor, strolling devils who are given over to the gratification of their appetites and passions. How strange it is that in every department of life there is such an intimate mingling and blending together of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, of faith and distrust, of sunshine and stormy weather, that one feels at times as though it were hardly worth while to bestir himself in order to obtain more happiness and comfort. If you sit down you will be run over; if you try to get out of the way you will thrust yourself into danger.

We will now return to my grandfather, whom we left preaching to the people of Tory Hill. For a time he got on comfortably, but learning that some of the urchins improved the opportunity to play cards outside while he was preaching to the people within, he reproved the people, and insisted that this misdemeanor should be stopped. They being unable or unwilling to comply with his request, he gave them over to their own ways, and established himself in No-God, where he was more successful. I judge this to be the case from the good potatoes which were sent to our house from his parishioners. "By their fruits ye shall know them," has a significance in more ways than one.

Chapter II.

THE WEIRD ACTOR.

"Lo Death doth keep his state."
—*C. B. Southey.*

BUT LET us walk into the house, for I can proceed with my narrative just as well indoors, and I see that you are shivering with cold. The November winds in this country are very severe, whether they come from the lake or some other quarter. Exposure to their blasts often produces colds, coughs, and consumptive diseases. I would not have you expose your health for the sake of listening to my story, especially since there is danger of taking cold myself.

Having given some account of my parentage, and described in a general way the old homestead where I was born, I am now prepared to enter upon the particulars of my own history. As my path of life has been more than ordinarily interspersed with thorns and roses I shall be obliged to frequently

change my tone of expression, giving place to both serious and humorous incidents.

In the preceding chapter, we have related nearly all that was necessary until we should arrive at a point in the history where memory would furnish the needful material for the purpose. One event took place during this interval which I cannot forbear mentioning. It was the death of my mother, which occurred when I was only six weeks old. Although at the time unconscious of the great loss I was suffering, I have since been made to realize to the fullest extent its effects upon my course of life. As others, more able than myself, have written much concerning a mother's love and influence, I shall attempt nothing in this direction.

At the time of my mother's death she expressed a wish that I should be given in charge of my grandmother on my father's side, and that her elder son, who was seven years my senior, should be left in care of her own family. This plan of my mother's was considered by the parties concerned as being the best that could be devised, and I was, accordingly, soon after her death, transferred to my new home, where I remained until nearly six years of age.

But the time has come for us to take leave of my grandmother's cottage. It is the dearest place I have ever known. I am aware that "distance lends enchantment to the view," that, in the retrospect, we see only the roses that are scattered along the path. Notwithstanding this, I do not hesitate to say that the first six years of my life were, by far, the happiest I have ever spent. During this period my father had married again, and settled in the West, and he and his new wife had concluded to take me to live with them. Accordingly they wrote to my grandmother to this effect. As the world had always been a Paradise to me, I thought that wherever I roamed I should find the same elysian fields, the same sunny brooks, and the same tender hearts to care for me, and, as the journey would afford me much diversion, I received the news with great pleasure. To add to my anticipations, my step-mother promised to take good care of me, and fill both of my pockets with sugar. This I thought was extremely clever, and everywhere I went I told my friends of my good fortune, and lauded the generosity of my new patron. I can almost hear, as I sit dictating these lines, the merry laugh of my play-fellows as they saw me strutting up and down

and stepping as far as I could to show them how my step-mother did; for I supposed that step-mother signified ability to stride farther than other women.

But the hour for my departure arrived. My father came, and I was hurriedly prepared for the journey. I could realize but little of the importance of what I was doing; but my grandmother was greatly agitated. She had taken me when I was a nursling, and had watched over me for nearly six years. Besides, she entertained some fears for my future, and consequently would not have consented to let me go had not the persuasions of others induced her to place me in hands that were stronger than hers, for my support. As it was, she yielded up her claims, and with tearful eyes and faltering voice she bade me good-by. We had just crossed the threshold, when my father, looking back and observing my grandmother's agony, remarked to her that if she wished, he would not take me away. She made no answer, but waved her hand for us to proceed. We walked out to the carriage which was waiting at the gate, seated ourselves within it and were soon moving rapidly on our journey.

After leaving Elisburgh, we proceeded on our

course, with little or no interruption, until we reached Oswego, New York, where we left our private conveyance and took passage on a canal packet for Buffalo. In those times this mode of traveling was considered not only convenient, but quite expeditious (most of our railroads have been constructed since); and, after a pleasant voyage of a few days, we arrived at our destination. Here we were soon joined by my step-mother and her daughter Mary, a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired girl, about three years of age. A few months subsequent to my arrival at our western home, I was agreeably surprised by the addition of an infant brother to our family circle. I loved little Charley (as they called him) dearly, and would often run nearly all the way home from school to see him, my speed being generally hastened by the threats of a school-girl older than myself who pretended that she was going to carry him away.

During the time I spent with my parents, which was about eight years, three other children were born to them, whom they named respectively Hattie, Alvin, and Albert. One of these, my brother Alvin, died when he was quite young, and before I left home. He lived, however, long enough to deeply entwine

himself into my affections. He was left almost wholly to my care, as he preferred me to the rest of the family, and when he died, it seemed as though a portion of my own existence was torn away. I stood by his bed-side holding his pale, thin hand, while his mild, earnest eyes looked imploringly into my own, as if he thought I could afford him some relief from his deep distress. But when I knew that he was going, I left him to the care of others and fled to an adjoining room; for I could not bear to see the Despoiler doing his last work on one I loved so much. For many years afterwards I mourned his loss, and whenever I saw a child of the same age I would ask the privilege of holding it as long as circumstances would permit.

Chapter III.

SHIFTING SCENES.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
Good and ill together."

—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN I reached my fourteenth year, my parents concluded to send me to my native town. Accordingly a letter was addressed by them to my grandfather, stating their wishes, and, upon receiving a favorable answer from him, they at once made preparations for my journey. I was to go alone; but this did not seem to be taken into account by any of us, though I now think I should be loth to send a child fourteen years of age, who had never traveled except in his infancy, on a voyage by canals and lake of five hundred miles.

The only hardship I had to encounter in this transaction was the trial I experienced in parting with my friends. I summoned up courage, and bade my parents farewell; then I turned and said good-by to the children, little thinking it was the last time I should see the little group on earth.

I then proceeded to the landing, where my passage was engaged on a canal-packet bound for Cleveland, Ohio. The following day we arrived at Cleveland. Here I was a little puzzled to know what course I should pursue. I knew that I was to cross the lake from this place to Buffalo; but which of the many vessels that thronged the harbor I was to take, or who among the busy crowd that surged up and down the streets and docks would give information, I did not know. My trunk was put ashore with other baggage, and thinking I had no time to lose, I picked it up and started in the direction of the shipping. I had not proceeded far, when I was accosted by a man who wished to carry my baggage. As it was quite heavy I consented to his proposition, and following closely behind him we threaded our way to the steamboat landing, where my guide after taking

pay for his services disappeared, leaving me to my own reflections.

It was not long before a steamboat landed near the place where I was standing, and among the first who leaped upon shore was a man who called out that they were bound for Buffalo and would carry cheaper than any other boat. I, with some others, followed him into a depot near by, and seeing him sell two or three tickets to a man for the voyage, purchased one for myself. I noticed on taking my ticket that it was not like the one which the man received. To make sure of the matter, however, I went to the office on board of the boat and observed the tickets which they disbursed. Soon a large boy came up and bought a ticket for the accommodations that I was to receive. On comparing mine with his I found they were not alike, and soon afterward I made my trouble known to some men whom I knew by appearance belonged to the boat. They asked me who the pirate, as they called him, was, and, on my pointing him out, which I did with some difficulty, he having changed his coat, they went with me to seek redress. The agent of the boat (for such he was) acknowledged that he sold me the ticket and gave

me another after making a little apology for his carelessness.

This affair created considerable sympathy for me among the boat hands, who soon became much interested in my welfare. This was very fortunate for me, as we were detained a day or two at Cleveland on account of the storm that was then prevailing. My most particular friend on board was one of the engineers, whose name I have forgotten. Through his kindness I was permitted to visit the engine room whenever I wished, a privilege I availed myself of very freely; for I took much delight in viewing the regular and powerful working of the beautiful and ponderous machinery.

When we landed in Buffalo I took a brief survey of the city, and then took passage for Syracuse, New York. Here I took the stage for Mannsville, and soon after reaching that place found my way to my grandfather's home. Here I remained nearly three years, but nothing occurred in our vicinity during that time worthy of record.

During the time I have mentioned, however, an event occurred in my Western home, which cast a

gloom over my rugged path. When I had been absent about two years, I received a letter from my step-mother informing me of the death of three of her children, namely, Mary, Hattie, and Albert. Albert was an infant. Hattie passed away without seeming to realize that she was dying, but Mary knew that death was approaching, and made preparations for the event. She gave directions concerning the disposal of her little valuables, and even remembered me, although I was at such a distance from her. I have in my possession the little book she left me, and her last message that I should meet her in Heaven shall never be forgotten. A few years afterwards I visited the graves of my little brothers and sisters and planted around them some shrubs and flowers, then bade them good-by with a hope that the summoning notes of the Archangel shall bring us together in a land where sorrows and misfortunes and diseases and death are unknown.

When I reached my seventeenth year, I concluded to take another trip to the West. My parents had written for me to come home, and my friends with whom I resided gave their consent. I bade farewell to my relatives and friends, and was soon afterwards

on my way rejoicing. This time I traveled by rail road, with the exception of a lake voyage from Buffalo to Cleveland, and a few miles of stage ride from Hudson (Ohio) to Akron. It was near midnight when I reached the end of my journey; but I was so anxious to see my parents and my brother Charlie, that I set out at once in search of them, although they resided at some distance from the stopping place of the stage. I found their house without difficulty, although it was one they had built during my absence; and my knock at the door was answered from her bedroom window by my step-mother, who wished to know who I was. I replied that I had come from Hudson that day and would like to know where Mr. W—— (her brother) resided. She gave me the information and retired; but as soon as I was convinced that she did not know me, I rapped again and upon her reappearing requested of her the privilege of staying the rest of the night as it was so late. She gave her consent willingly, but soon after admitting me into the house gave warm tokens of recognition. The rest of the family were soon summoned, and our joy can be more easily imagined than described.

Immediately after my arrival I was sent to school. At the close of the winter term, I was informed by the principal that I was well qualified for teaching; but as I knew of no summer schools that would accept a young man for a teacher, I did not take the trouble to obtain a certificate. After working a little around the neighborhood, I packed my wardrobe into my satchel, and set out in search of some profitable employment. On arriving at Toledo, Ohio, I found a small steam-tug which needed a pilot. I was not accustomed to the business, but shipped with the understanding that I should receive the necessary instruction. This boat was used for towing vessels up and down the river, and it was interesting to see with what giant strength it would lay hold on those large ships, often two or three at a time, and drag them to their destination. I soon learned the channel of the river, and acquired much skill in the management of the boat; and it gave me considerable satisfaction to know my employers were well pleased with my success.

My pleasure, however, was not of long duration; for this was the season in which Toledo was visited with the cholera. Many of its inhabitants fell victims

to this terrible scourge, and many others felt obliged to leave their homes and flee to the country for safety. Notwithstanding I was aware of the condition of things around me, I took no precaution whatever, until I found myself suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of the disease.

As soon as its violence had subsided sufficiently to allow me to go to the country, I went to the home of a farmer friend for rest and recovery. There I was taken with a relapse, which came near ending my days; but I was soon recovered enough to walk around, and so concluded to return to my work. My friends were so much opposed to my going until I was more able, that I was obliged to steal away from them while my host was in the field, and, shortly afterward, I was on the boat doing duty as before. This time, however, my labor was not so enjoyable as before my sickness. The weakened condition of my system induced a prolonged attack of ague and fever, which made it almost impossible for me to keep at work, especially during the chills. Oftentimes I stood with my cold hands clutching the pilot-wheel when they felt and looked as if they were marked for the grave; and when a few minutes of

respite were given me, I would go down with the furnace man and stand near the melting fire until I was more comfortable.

I continued in this way for two or three weeks, when it occurred to me that I had better leave Toledo, and thinking that a lake voyage would be beneficial, I engaged myself to the captain of a brig that was lying near by, to do his cabin work and cooking. I was not an adept in the art; but with the instructions I had received at home and a book of recipes I got on quite comfortably, and received words of encouragement from some of my sailor friends, who seemed to have quite a propensity for eating. Our vessel was bound for Ogdensburg, New York, a port on the St. Lawrence River, and a few days after my coming on board we set sail for that place. It was my fate never to reach our destination; for, while passing through the ship-canal that leads from Lake Erie to Ontario, I met with an accident which compelled me to leave the boat, and came very near compelling me to quit my hold on existence. While the vessel was lying in one of the deepest locks, waiting to be admitted to the channel below, I attempted to get on board by sliding down a large

rope which extended from a snubbing-post of the lock down to the vessel's bow. I had no sooner placed my weight upon the rope, then it slacked down so suddenly that it caused me to lose my hold upon it, and I went head-foremost into the water, many feet below. I was immediately aware of my imminent peril, but saw no way to escape. It was fortunate for me that the ship was not on the side of the lock to which it was fastened, else in my long fall I must have dashed my brains out upon the deck; but I knew that when it swayed back, as a vessel always does when the lock is being emptied of its water, I should be crushed between the wall and the vessel's side. While in this dangerous situation I seemed to have a panoramic view of myself from my earliest remembrance up to that very moment when I was struggling for my existence. As I was an excellent swimmer, I soon came to the surface, observing which, our captain called out to one of our men to throw a rope to me; but the man was so excited by the circumstance that he looked all over the vessel for a detached piece, while there were hundreds of feet of coiled rope within his reach. He being the only man on board at the time, I was obliged to wait for him;

but, as soon as he was able, he dropped a rope's end into the water, and seizing it, I climbed to the deck, half dead with the exhaustion my effort and excitement had produced. I then went to my berth, and after a few hours rest, I came back to renew my duties; but I found that my place was occupied by another, and so concluded to take passage on a vessel that was bound for Toledo, with the intention of quitting the lake, for a season at least. On parting with my ship-mates, I saw they had been considerably affected by what had occurred. Some of them commended me for my dexterity in swimming; but others seemed to regard it as being of little consequence that my life was saved, as they thought by my looks that I had not long to live; or as they roughly, though kindly, expressed it, I would have a bag of salt on my eyes before many days. The captain and crew of the vessel on which I had taken passage treated me very kindly, as is the custom of sailors when any of their companions are sick or distressed.

After a few days of fine sailing we reached our destination. By this time my health was somewhat improved, and, thinking best to take another trip, I

shipped on board of a schooner bound for Oswego, New York. This time I was more fortunate than before; for I was able to perform my duties until, on our return voyage, we had reached Canada, when my strength failed, and I felt obliged to take the railroad for Fremont, Indiana. During my absence from home, my family had removed to that place. I hoped there to obtain rest and recovery within the quiet circle of my relatives. As my course lay near the great Falls of Niagara, I concluded to visit them, and the few hours of extreme pleasure I experienced while there, richly repaid me for my trouble in going. I found, however, that all persons are not so well pleased with their journey to this popular resort; for a friendly Irishman who bore me company on that occasion was sadly disappointed. He thought that the Falls had been misrepresented, and declared, many times over, that they were a great humbug. He was finally quieted by the retort of a lady to whom he had made this remark, who replied, that if the river ran the other way over the Falls it would probably be some curiosity to him.

My journey to Fremont was not characterized by anything unusual, except that my ghostly appearance

attracted the attention of my fellow-travelers, some of whom remarked that I was a fair specimen of the workings of calomel on the human system. On my way I called at Cleveland to receive my pay from the company on whose vessel I had been sailing, and then went directly to my destination, and was soon afterwards enjoying the hospitality of my friends.

Chapter IV.

DARKNESS AT NOONTIDE.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?
Are things around me as they seem?"
—"*Stray Leaves*," page 25.

MY VISIT was not so enjoyable as it had been on previous occasions; for the fever still followed me, and this, with the varied events of the past few months, caused my naturally buoyant spirits to droop into the very dust. My aunt endeavored to cheer me by saying that I would be better by and by, and by telling me that I had succeeded far better than many of those around me. Then, to particularize, she mentioned the cases of some who were deeply distressed, among others the people who were blind, and asked me how I would feel were I deprived of

sight. I replied that I could not bear such a calamity, and should, were it to fall upon me, rid myself of my existence at once.

Little did I know what I could endure when brought to the test! Nor had I the remotest thought that, within a few months, this bitterest cup would be pressed irresistibly to my lips, until I had drunk its contents to their lowest dregs. People often assert what they would do under such and such afflictions; but I think that experience and observation warrant me in saying that there is no condition in life so abject or deplorable, but that those who are plunged therein will struggle for their existence as long as reason has sway.

In my childhood I received a fall which injured one of my eyes to such an extent that it afterwards became blind. The appearance of the eye was not much injured by this accident; but I regarded the misfortune so deeply that any allusion made to it would fill me with a sense of pain or mortification. The other eye remained strong and well until I was twenty years of age, or few weeks subsequent to my return to Fremont from the lakes. After recovering a little from my illness I began to assist my cousin in

his b' :cksmith shop, and was one day thus employed, when a hot cinder flew into my eye which had before been injured. This caused a burning sensation at the time, and then followed a severe inflammation lasting many days. Shortly after this affair I awoke one morning, after a hard day's work, and found my other eye so weak that I could scarcely see. My over-exertion, combined with my ill health, had probably induced this weakness, and an inflammation ensued which was heightened by frequent applications of severe medicines prescribed by the village physician and others for my relief. I continued in this state for many months, suffering constantly the most excruciating pain, until finally a severe cold destroyed my remaining sight; and I became hopelessly blind. For a young man of bright hopes and fair prospects, to be hurled at once from a world of sunshine and beauty into the unfathomable depths of gloom, and blackness of darkness, where no ray of light can ever come, is a thought too terrible for pen to picture, or the tongue of an angel to describe! To describe my feelings at this time would far exceed my powers of delineation. Suffice is to say that, when I found myself within this terrible darkness, I cursed my existence and

longed for death to relieve me. I envied the lowest reptile that could see, and would have bartered Heaven, with all its joys, for a little sight to guide me through life's journey, could I have been assured that no other punishment than annihilation should meet me at its end. In my frenzied moments I imagined that God, in his infinite mercy, could not punish a mortal so afflicted for any course he might pursue, and while standing thus, clutching with a trembling hand the unsheathed dagger of suicide yet unstained, a thought came to my mind that in some far off eastern city there might be found a man of skill who could restore me, and turning away I resolved, weak and helpless as I was, to pursue at once this phantom of hope. It happened very fortunately for me at this time that a neighbor and his family were about to visit the East, and, as they expressed a willingness that I should accompany them, I gladly accepted their kindness, and by this means I found no difficulty in traveling. At Buffalo we obtained of an optician some eyecups which he encouraged me to believe would restore my sight, but which I found after a faithful trial were as unavailing as the other remedies I had used. After

receiving the cups I directed my course to Mannsville, thinking it would be best to visit my relatives until I should recover, or resolve upon some future course of action; for, although I dreaded to return to my friends in such forlorn condition, it seemed the best thing I could do, and I felt confident they would give me a warm reception. In justice to these friends I will say I was not disappointed in these expectations. There were residing in this vicinity several families of near relatives, and they vied with one another in doing all in their power for my comfort.

A few months subsequent to my arrival we were visited by a friend who was connected with the office of public instruction at Albany, New York. This friend was desirous that I should become a student at the Institution for the Blind, in New York, and offered to secure an appointment for me, saying that I was entitled to a term of five years at that place. I readily consented to the plan, although my friends seemed very reluctant to part with me; for I had in view not only my education, but I trusted that something might be done for my eyes. As soon as I was installed in the Institution, I went to the eye infirmary to ascertain if there could be anything done

for me; but was told by the faculty that my case was entirely hopeless. I then returned to the Institution, grateful, indeed, to a sympathizing public for having established such an asylum, but too much weakened by sorrow and disease to much avail myself of its benefits.

Chapter V.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

"Knowledge dwells, the oracle of oracles.
The deaf may hear, *the blind may see*—
All that philosophy has sought,
Science discovered, genius wrought;
All that reflective memory stores,
Or rich imagination pours."

—*James Montgomery.*

THIS INSTITUTION of learning for the Blind was founded in 1832, and, at the time of my coming, was located on Ninth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets, the work-shops being situated on Eighth Avenue. The intermediate grounds were allotted to the students for recreation, the trees and shrubbery being no hindrance to their sports. The students at this time numbered one hundred and eighty, most of them being entirely blind. A few, however, had sufficient sight to conduct the others on the streets when they wished to go outside. These seeing ones formed the aristocracy of the place, though

their honors were, of course, well earned. These blind students, strange as it may appear, were cheerful and happy, and most of them were very talkative, seeming to take more delight in conversation than in meditation or study. Some of them, I noticed, were more loquacious and spoke louder when away from the Institution than at other times. This peculiarity may be attributed to their anxiety to be heard amid the noise and confusion of the streets through which they passed; yet it often served as a roll-call to other blind friends, especially those of the opposite sex, who chanced to be within the sound of their voices; for chief among the regulations of the school was a law prohibiting the mingling of the sexes, and such plans as these were frequently devised in order to secure a friendly intercourse. The blind seldom intermarry, though I have often found them enjoying the wedded life, and, what seems strange to me, so far as my knowledge extends the children of the blind invariably possess good sight, although the parents may have been sightless from birth. There are many families of the blind thus situated who support themselves by their trades or by music, or as public teachers, who seem as comfortable and happy as those who see;

and yet I believe that a majority of them would be in a better condition could they content themselves with a life of "single blessedness"—and this may be said with equal propriety of many who have the free use of their eyes.

This institution, like all those of the same character, had two departments of instruction; namely, literary and mechanical. The literary department comprised mostly English studies, and to these were added both vocal and instrumental music. The instruction was given orally, with the exception of reading, writing, mathematics, and geography, a knowledge of these being acquired by the sense of touch. The method of printing for the blind has been so often explained by others that a description here seems quite unnecessary. I learned the use of the Point-Print, a method of writing by punctures, which the blind can read with their fingers, and others who learn the alphabet can read by sight. (The New York Bible House presented me with a portion of the bible printed in the same characters.) I consider this a great accession to my comfort and convenience, as I can take notes and read them myself; and can also correspond with those who understand the alphabet.

This pencil or stylus never grows dull. The point-print alphabet does not consist of letters like those in common use, but of arbitrary signs representing letters, syllables, words, and figures. In the study of mathematics a slate was used, which was so constructed as to receive type on which points representing figures were engraved. The maps used in this institution were made of wood, the part representing land being elevated above that representing water. The mountains, boundary lines, cities, and villages were indicated by slight elevations, while rivers were marked by small grooves. In the study of music, books with raised points are sometimes employed; but generally the lessons are first read to the blind by a seeing teacher, and when committed can be easily taught by them to others. For any student of ordinary capacity to memorize a piece of music, only one or two readings are necessary. The blind can learn to play skillfully on all kinds of instruments, but the piano and organ seem best adapted to their condition. Many teachers and tuners of these instruments are employed in the city as well as the country, and almost invariably give satisfaction. Indeed, there is no barrier to the progress of the blind in any intellectual pursuit. In the mechanical depart-

ment several trades were vigorously and successfully pursued, the manufactures of brooms and of mattresses being most acceptable to the inmates of the Institution, and chiefly sought by them. The ladies of the Institution also received daily instruction in the art of needlework, and displayed much taste and ingenuity in this direction. They threaded their needles without difficulty, and seemed to be quite proud of their various attainments. In making beadwork, their wares consisted of wire and beads so arranged as to form card-baskets, vases, etc., combining the useful with the ornamental. The beads were put into boxes of different size, that their color might be distinguished. The idea so often entertained that the blind can discern color by the touch is true only so far as this, that different coloring substances sometimes so affect the fabrics as to render them easily distinguishable by the sense of touch, color itself being intangible. The idea of the blind in reference to color is that it compares with the different varieties of sound, the darkest colors with the lower tones, while the brighter bear a relation to the finer and higher keys. As an illustration, a blind musician once said that red was like the sound of the bugle, that scarlet resembled the music

of the clarionet, and green was like the ringing of bells.

Every Tuesday the Institution was opened for the inspection of the public. The visitors were conducted through the different apartments by the blind graduates, who, in return, often obtained sales for their beadwork, and sometimes received presents from the most liberal of their guests. It was curious to note the difference which existed in the minds of visitors with reference to the ability of the blind; some supposing that they could even paint the beautiful maps that hung in the school-rooms, while others wondered if they could walk alone without stumbling or falling. Sometimes they would converse about the blind in their presence, as though they considered them deprived of hearing as well as sight. This of course afforded much amusement to our sightless friends, who were also often amused by the ludicrous questions that were put to them. One day, while a little boy was manufacturing a large hand-brush, a visitor inquired if he knew what kind of brush he was making, and for what purpose. The boy humorously replied that it was a tooth-brush and designed for cleaning the teeth. But the greatest curiosity on the part of visitors

was to know how the blind could eat unassisted, and frequently, during meal-time, the windows and doors of the dining-hall were crowded with wondering spectators to witness this entertainment.

One day an individual who had never witnessed their skill at the table asked a blind boy to explain to him their manner of eating. The boy replied that he took a string and tied one end of it to the handle of a spoon and the other end to one of his teeth, then, filling the spoon with food, he traced the string up to his face, opened his mouth and tipped the spoon into it. Of course, the stranger would infer there would be no further trouble in disposing of the food. For my own part, I can see no difficulty in the way of a blind person's finding his own mouth.

The students here, like those in seeing schools, were practical jokers. They did not, however, play their pranks so much upon their comrades as upon the new-comers to the Institution. Generally, when a new student arrived, they would put a variety of questions to him, and being satisfied of his ability, position in society and depth of pocket (particularly the last, for money was quite a consideration with them, especially when in the hands of one who was

liberally disposed), they would proceed to examine his qualifications for school. First they would try his voice to see if he would do to enter the singing class; then he was required to dance, and if he did not move around quite as lively as they desired, they would request him to remove his boots and try it in his stocking feet, which he would do to the infinite amusement of the by-standers who stood gazing intently on the scene—with their ears, of course. Sometimes it was seriously suggested that the student might receive his sight, and being encouraged by this, he would willingly subject himself to the scrutinizing gaze of a blind man who, after a thorough examination, would declare his case a hopeless one. These examinations were used during his stay as a reminder of his novitiate. As for myself, I escaped most of these trials; for when told by them that "Holland had been taken by the Dutch," I replied that such jokes were stale with me, and that they had better perpetrate them upon persons as verdant as themselves. This, with a few similar hits, gave me peace and a good reputation among them during my stay.

Although there has doubtless been a large number of the blind in society from its earliest existence, or,

at least, so far back as the time when the Patriarch declared that he had been eyes for them, yet no public provision was made for their education until the year 1784, when Hauy (Awee), a French philantropist, established at Paris an institution for their instruction. It is said that he was moved in this direction while attending a blind concert, in which the performers were arrayed in peacocks' feathers, donkeys' ears, and spectacles without glasses, designed, of course, as a burlesque. Hauy, whose heart was keenly alive to the sorrows of others, could not bear to see his fellow-beings thus subjected to ridicule, and so began at once to devise means for their relief. His first student was a blind beggar to whom he paid a stipulated sum for his services. In a little while the student made such progress that others were induced to attend the school. A philanthropic society at Paris was also attracted to this object, and by its assistance the number of students was increased to twenty-four. In the year 1786 it was thought best to give an exhibition before the King, which was done with so much success that the King granted them an annuity.

Everything went on harmoniously with Hauy and his proteges until the year 1791, when, France being

plunged into a state of revolution, the government neglected to give them its support. The philanthropic society that had assisted them was obliged to withdraw its patronage, as many of its members were in exile; and, being thus left in a destitute condition, the school was scarcely able to maintain its existence. It is said that Hauy at this time lived on one meal a day for more than a year, that his pupils might not starve.

When peace was restored, the institution went on as prosperously as before, until the government concluded to unite this institution with an asylum for the blind which had existed in Paris for many years. The members of this asylum had never received any instruction in literature or in mechanics, and were, therefore, indolent and vicious. Soon after this union it was discovered, as might be expected, that the example of those who were bred in idleness had a pernicious effect upon the students, and Hauy, who could not bear to see the fruits of seventeen years' labor thus despoiled, gave up his situation and retired to private life. He did not, however, remain long in retirement, as he soon received an invitation from the Czar of Russia to come to his dominions, which he

accepted and shortly after founded an institution for the blind at St. Petersburg. The school at Paris continued to decline until all the studies were abandoned with the exception of music, and this was chiefly performed by Hauy's old students. About twelve years subsequent to the resignation of Hauy, whose place was filled by an ignorant superintendent, the institution was separated from the old asylum that had encumbered it, and a new superintendent was chosen. Unlike his immediate predecessor, the new-comer was a man of energy and ability; but his efforts were directed mainly to his own aggrandizement, and not to the welfare of those who were intrusted to his care. In order to effect his purpose more successfully, he purchased manufactured articles from the shops of the seeing and exhibited them as the workmanship of his own pupils; he further taught them to recite lessons in Latin, Greek, German, Italian, and other languages, while at the same time they were ignorant of the most rudimentary examples in arithmetic. His glory, however, was not of long duration; for the government officials, suspecting his course, entered into an investigation which resulted in his disgraceful dismissal from the institution. The

superintendent who followed him was a man of virtuous character and fine attainments; but it was soon discovered that he had not tact for educating the blind, and the position was given to one of the teachers who had been twenty-five years in their service. He was a man eminently qualified for the position, and under his supervision the institution soon gained an enviable and lasting reputation.

In a little less than fifty years from the time that Hauy, whom the French justly style the apostle for the blind, commenced his work of philanthropy at Paris, a similar movement was inaugurated in our own country by Dr. S. G. Howe, whose wife, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has since become famous as the writer of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." His work resulted in the location at Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1832, of the New England Institution for the Blind.

This earnest philanthropist, Dr. Howe, to whom the blind, of this country especially, are so much indebted for his untiring labors in their behalf, is the same who instructed Laura Bridgman, the deaf and dumb and blind girl with whose doings the public have been so long familiar. As her death has been recently

announced, I may be pardoned for a few reflections at this place. This child of misfortune was deprived from her earliest infancy, not only of her sight, hearing and speech, but mostly of the senses of taste and smell; yet, notwithstanding this seemingly impassable barrier, she learned to do many things that were truly marvelous, and obtained a knowledge of the moral world and its beauties, surpassed by few who live in the enjoyment of all their senses. During one of Ireland's severest scourges by famine Laura Bridgman is said to have earned with her own needle a barrel of flour, and sent it to the relief of those starving, helpless people. It is characteristic of those in the deepest affliction to be most solicitous for the welfare of those who are alike unfortunate, and so far as duty is concerned, it makes little difference whether the enlightened soul inhabit a temple of health, sight, and hearing, or whether it be pent up in that dark, silent tenement of which we have just spoken. She was sixty years old at the time of her death, having survived for a number of years her patron and teacher, Dr. Howe, a sublime monument of his achievements in behalf of an imprisoned soul, a soul shut in from the world of light and sound.

Others suffering under the same dark cloud of affliction as Laura Bridgman, have been educated at this institution with marked success. Among the many testimonials to the good work being done is the following from the "Scientific American":

Laura Bridgman has a youthful and very worthy successor in Miss Helen A. Keller, who is at present an inmate of the Perkins' Institute for the Blind, in Boston. She was deprived of her sight and hearing at the age of eighteen months. At the age of six, being deaf, dumb, and blind, she was put under the charge of Miss Annie M. Sullivan, who undertook to instruct her in the touch alphabet, and so eager was her pupil for knowledge, and so quick of perception, that she now is able to read and write with perfect facility.

It will be a matter of the profoundest interest to watch the development of human nature uninfluenced by the usual surroundings of life, and to watch the soul expand and grow by its own virility. No better insight into the character of this poor unfortunate is afforded than by a letter that she wrote to a gentleman who sent her a mastiff puppy as a present. He

did not have long to wait for his reward in the receipt of the letter printed below, which was taken from the "Forest and Stream," to which we are indebted for it. Its purity of diction and correctness of style are quite remarkable for a child of only nine years, especially when it is remembered that practically all her knowledge has been imparted by sense of touch. The letter, which was written in pencil, in clear, distinct, round characters, is as follows:—

"SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 20, 1889.

"MY DEAR MR.——: I have just received a letter from my mother, telling me that the beautiful mastiff puppy you sent had reached Tuscumbia safely. I thank you very much for the nice gift. I am very sorry that I was not at home to welcome her. But my mother and my baby sister will be very kind to her while her mistress is away. I hope she is not lonely and unhappy. I think puppies can feel very homesick as well as little girls. I should like to call her Lioness, for your dog. May I? I hope she will be very faithful, and brave too.

"I am studying in Boston with my dear teacher. I learn a great many new and wonderful things. I study about the earth and the animals, and I like arithmetic exceedingly. I learn many new words, too. Exceedingly is one that I learned yesterday. When I see Lioness I will tell her many things which will surprise her greatly. I think she would laugh when I tell her that she is a vertebrate, a mammal, a quadruped, and I shall be very sorry to tell her that she belongs to the order carnivora. I study French, too. When I talk French to Lioness I will call her "*Mon beau chien.*" Please tell Lion that I will take good care of Lioness. I shall be happy to have a letter from you when you like to write to me.

"From your loving little friend,

"HELEN A. KELLER.

"P. S.—I am staying at the Institute for the Blind."

Why don't you men of means and philanthropic turn imitate the excellent example Dr. Howe set for

you, if you really intend to do good, and do not aim to flaunt your name about? Here is a chance for you. Allow me to suggest that you build blind mechanics' institutes, and call in the blind from your streets and set them to work. They can nearly maintain themselves by the various trades they have learned, and with a little help from you they could make themselves comfortable and happy. They will be glad enough to "paddle their own canoe," but they want you to sit in the stern of the boat with a few thousand dollars and mind the helm.

The history of the eminent blind, such as Milton, Homer, Ossian, Fawcett, the Postmaster General of England, Milburn, Bowen, Fanny Crosby, who has written some of the sweetest songs of praise we have, and others, is so well known that it is needless to recall it.

The blind are generally cheerful and given to sociability. They have their sports and amusements very much like those who are gifted with vision. I have known them to play checkers by the hour, and to mingle in the dance as gracefully as others. They are an energetic, earnest, straightforward, merry-hearted people. They are inclined to please others

and sometimes carry it too far, by wearing a simpering smile or by giggling at a foolish thrust. This weakness of theirs can be overcome by a little sound instruction on the part of their friends or teachers, and by making them a little more independent in their business relations. When cramped by poverty, the blind, like the seeing, under the same circumstances, are too apt to be obsequious, as Shakespeare says, "He that stands upon a slippery place, makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up." There are tramps and cranks among the blind as among the seeing, but these are exceptions to the general rule. The blind should be taught some vocation worthy of themselves and useful to the world around them. Then society will see its duty in regard to patronizing them—or at least it ought to.

We cannot choose our afflictions. If we had any choice in the matter we would choose to be without any afflictions. Locke says, "A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world; he that has these two has but little more to wish for, and he that wants either of them will be but little the better for anything else." The blind, as a class, are true philosophers. They

wisely conclude that as their blindness cannot be cured it must be endured, and so they try to make the best of it. Hence we find them manifesting a cheerful disposition under their crushing weight of affliction; and putting forth giant efforts in the race with their more fortunate neighbors, the seeing, for respectability and comfort in society and at home. I have known them even to jest over their misfortune, though I think this was only to please the whim of the inconsiderate who think they must say something funny to amuse them. No blind person likes to be rallied on his loss of sight, and to do this is like beating a cripple with his own crutches.

What the blind need most is education. They should, outside of school-life, be surrounded by people who will read to them, and whose conversation will be elevating and instructive. It is not sufficient to give them amusement; they need solid study as well; and there is no earthly reason why their time should be frittered away any more than the time of others. This thought will, I think commend itself to the consideration of both the blind and the seeing.

Dr. Blacklock, in the article on "Blindness" in the first edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, made the

following practical observations with reference to the treatment of the blind:

"From the original dawning of reason and spirit, the parents and tutors of the blind ought to inculcate this maxim, that it is their indispensable duty to excel, and that it is absolutely in their power to attain a high degree of eminence. To impress this notion on their minds, the first objects presented to their observation, and the first methods of improvement applied to their understanding ought to be capable of being comprehended without difficulty by those internal powers and external senses which they possess. * * * Care should be taken that difficulties be not magnified.

"Parents and relations ought never to be too ready in offering their assistance to the blind in any office which they can perform, or in any acquisition which they can make for themselves, whether they are prompted by reason or necessity. Let a blind boy be permitted to walk through the neighborhood without a guide, not only though he should run some hazard, but even though he should suffer some pain. If he have a mechanical turn, let him not be denied the use of edge-tools, for it is better that he should

lose a little blood, or even break a bone, than be perpetually confined to the same place, and thus debilitated in his frame and depressed in his mind. * * * It is in the course of nature that blind people, as well as others, should survive their parents; and it may likewise happen to them to survive all those who by the ties of blood and nature are more immediately interested in their happiness. But when they come to be dependent on the world, such exigencies as they themselves cannot meet will be but coldly and languidly supplied by strangers. * * * For these reasons, we repeat that in the training of a blind man it is infinitely better to direct than to supersede his own exertions. From the time he can move and feel, let him be taught to supply his own wants; to dress and to feed himself; to run from place to place, either for exercise or in pursuit of his own amusements or vocations. In these excursions, however, it will be proper for the parent or tutor to superintend his motions, at a distance, without seeming to watch over him."

Chapter VI.

A HOST OF ACTORS.

> "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."
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> —*Eccl. 9, 11.*

RIGHT HERE I deem it proper to insert a list of the famous blind, compiled for me by my much esteemed friend John G. Gregory, one of the editors of the Milwaukee "Evening Wisconsin." The remainder of the present chapter is his work.

Among the world's great ones there has been a surprisingly large number of men who were without the sense of sight when they accomplished the work for which they are remembered. The long roll of blind poets is blazoned with the glorious names of Homer and Milton. Doubt has been successfully thrown upon the authenticity of the "Poems of Ossian," in the form

in which they were published by Macpherson, but there is no reason to discredit the existence of that blind bard Ossian who lives in tradition as having sung to the Erse islanders and Scottish mountaineers of a rude age the brave deeds of their warlike ancestors. Blind men have successfully cultivated other arts than poetry. Among the numerous sightless musicians who have achieved prominence was John Stanley, of London, who in the last century composed the oratorio of "Jephtha." He became blind in infancy. M. Moncoulteau, born blind, at Paris, in 1800, wrote a valuable treatise on "Harmony." Giovanni Gonelli, a Seventeenth Century Tuscan, became blind at twenty, but this did not prevent him from acceptably practicing the art of sculpture. John Gambasius, of Volterra, also gained fame as a blind sculptor. Joseph Kleinhans, born in Tyrol, in 1782, where he died in 1850, was blind from his fifth year, but was noted as a wood carver and sculptor.

Augustin Thierry, the author of the well-known "History of the Norman Conquest," who died in Paris in 1856, at the age of sixty-one, had been blind since his twenty-seventh year. Our American Prescott deserves a place in the roll of blind historians, for he

was practically in the darkness of blindness during the greater part of his active life. The noble perseverance with which he overcame all obstacles in collecting and mastering the materials of his famous histories forms an inspiring story. When he had secured the rare Spanish works on which he based a large part of his "Ferdinand and Isabella," he was unable to do more than distinguish daylight from dark. He could not get an assistant who understood Spanish, and he was obliged to plod through the great volumes with the aid of a man to whom he taught, after such a fashion as was practicable, some notion of Spanish pronunciation. The famous historic picture of the blind Milton listening to the reading of his daughters was paralleled. Though Prescott's amanuensis read aloud a language which conveyed to his own mind not a single idea, the historian was able to gradually master and to martial in a new and more attractive form the facts thus laboriously dug out.

James Holman, the "Blind Traveler," was another sightless author who set difficulty and even danger at naught when in quest of information concerning subjects on which he desired to write. He was an

Englishman, born in 1787, and he died in 1857. At an early age, he entered the British navy, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. In 1810 he lost his sight through illness. The scope of his travels is indicated by the title of one of his books, "A Voyage Round the World, Including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, Etc., from 1827 to 1832." He journeyed through Russia to Siberia, penetrating 1000 miles beyond Smolensk. At one time he was turned back by the authorities, who were as jealous then as now of curious strangers; but eluding official vigilance, he repeated his effort and succeeded. The Encyclopedia Britannica says of his writings: "The works of Holman, besides the interest attaching to them from his incidental references to the peculiarities of his circumstances, arising from his physical defect, and to his methods of triumphing over his difficulties, occupy a unique place in literature, as products of a very extraordinary energy and perseverance, while, on account of the variety of their information, and their frequently graphic descriptions, they are of considerable value as books of travel."

François Huber, the Swiss naturalist, was an extraordinary example of the power of mind to rise

superior to physical infirmity. Despite his blindness from his seventeenth year, he conducted, by the aid of his wife and a faithful servant, investigations into the life and habits of bees, which gave him a reputation as a natural historian that continues to the present day.

The Praetor Aufidius Bassus, born in Rome, 108 years B. C., was blind from youth. He was eminently learned in philosophy and geometry, and was the author of a history of Greece. Eusebius, the Asiatic, a Fourth Century philosopher and divine, was blind from his early youth. Nicholas Saunderson, of Yorkshire, England, 1682—1739, was blind after his first year, but attained eminence as a mathematician and natural philosopher, and held the chair of mathematics in the university of Cambridge which had been previously occupied by the great Sir Isaac Newton. John Metcalf, of Knaresborough, England, 1717—1802, was blind from youth, but successfully followed the vocation of a road-surveyor and contractor. Thomas Blacklock, an Eighteenth Century Scotchman, who was blind from the age of six years, secured the title of D. D., and was distinguished in poetry, divinity, and music.

Henry Fawcett, the English political economist and postmaster-general, who was born in 1833 and died in 1884, and who has been referred to by Mr. Fuller in another part of this book, became blind at the age of twenty-five, by an accident while out shooting, but though thenceforth totally without the sense of sight, he not only kept up his studies, but forsook scarcely any of the athletic sports for which he had acquired a fondness at college, continuing to ride, row, skate, and angle, guided by the sense of touch alone. Fawcett does not stand apart as a blind man who attained eminence in the political world. Among the other notable examples was Alexander Rodenbach, who was a conspicuous actor in the Belgian revolution of 1830, and whose ringing and eloquent speeches as a member of the Chamber of Deputies made him a leader of the party which favored liberal ideas. Mr. MacDonald, one of the Irish members of the present British House of Commons, is totally blind.

In all the domain of history there are no more picturesque and heroic passages than those which chronicle the deeds of blind men who went into battle. Froissart, in his account of the memorable

field of Cressy, gives the story of the old blind king of Bohemia, John of Luxemburg, in language so graphic and quaint that the event can never be recalled so effectively as when the words of the old Chronicler are as nearly as possible reproduced. When he knew that the battle had begun, the blind king asked those who were near him how it was going on. "My lord," they said, "the Genoese are discomfited, and the king has given orders to slay them all; and all the while between our folk and them there is so great disorder that they stumble one over another, and hinder us greatly." "Ha!" said the King, "that is an ill sign for us. Where is Sir Charles, my son?" "My lord, we know not; we have reason to believe that he is elsewhere in the fight." "Sirs," replied the old King, "ye are my liegemen, my friends, and my comrades. I pray you and require you to lead me so far to the front in the work of this day that I may strike a blow with my sword. It shall not be said that I came hither to do naught." Froissart goes on to tell how the members of the King's train tied themselves all together by the reins of their horses, setting the King in front that he might the better accomplish his desire, and how they bore down on

the enemy. "And the King went so far forward that he struck a good blow; yea three and four; and so did all those who were with him. And they served him so well and charged so well forward upon the English, that all fell there, and their bodies were found next day on the spot, around their lord, and their horses tied together."

Of John Ziska, the military genius of Bohemia, who flourished in the Fifteenth Century, it was said that he was more dreaded by the enemies of his country after he became blind than before. For another inspiring history of a blind warrior we must go back to the Twelfth Century. Enrico Dandolo, the Venetian Doge, after he had become old and blind, placed himself at the head of the Fourth Crusade and led that mighty host to victory in several engagements, including the successful siege of two strongly fortified cities.

After so much about the achievements of blind men, it is no more than proper to say a word or two on the subject of notable blind women. Margaret of Ravenna, who died in 1505, was blind from the age of three months, but attained celebrity by her

profundity in theology and moral science. Anna Williams, the daughter of a Welsh surgeon, who went up to London with her father in 1730, and became blind from cataract in her thirty-fourth year, possessed literary ability which attracted the favorable notice of the great Dr. Johnson, of whose household she was a member for many years. She is remembered as the writer of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," and also as the translatress of La Bletterie's "Life of the Emperor Julian." Mademoiselle Solignac, of Zaintouge, blind from the age of two, made excellent reputations in music and authorship. Mademoiselle Paradis, born in Vienna in 1784, attained marvelous proficiency and wide fame as an organist, and, by request, played with credit before several of the principal royal courts of Europe. Frances Browne, the Irish poetess and novelist, born in 1816, whose numerous works appeared at intervals between 1840 and 1870, and whose earliest verses were gladly accepted and printed by that high literary authority, the London Athenæum, was blind from the age of two years. One of the most remarkable blind people who ever lived was a woman, Laura Bridgman, the American girl of whom Dickens writes so graphically in "American Notes."

She was not only without sight, but also deaf and dumb, and practically without the senses of taste and smell. But through the single medium of her sense of touch, her bright mind was reached and cultivated, and she became an intelligent and useful member of society.

It may be interesting to make a chronological list of some of the famous blind men besides those mentioned above.

In the First Century before Christ, Diodotus, the stoic philosopher, who was the teacher and friend of Cicero, and for many years was an inmate of the great orator's house, taught philosophy, geometry, and music as assiduously after he became blind as he had taught them when he enjoyed his sight.

The Fourth Century of the Christian era produced two eminent blind men—Eusebius, the learned philosopher and divine, who flourished in Asia, and Didymus of Alexandria, great in rhetoric, music, and theology. Both were blind from five years of age.

In the Tenth Century, there was Achmed Ben Soliman, the Arabian poet, who was blind from his third year.

In the Fourteenth Century flourished John Gower, in England, and Henry the Minstrel, in Scotland, both poets of note in their day.

In the Fifteenth Century, Charles Ferdinand, of Bruges, in the Netherlands; who achieved celebrity in music, oratory, and literature.

The Sixteenth Century produced Peter Pontanus, Bruges; philosophy and literature. James Schegkins, Thorndorf, Wurtemburg; philosophy and medicine. John Fernand, born blind; poetry and music. Pedianus Ascanius; history and grammar. Herman Torrentius, United Provinces; literature. John Paul Lomazzo, of Milan, who wrote on music and painting, which he had studied before the age of seventeen, when he became blind. Franciscus Salinas, Greek language, mathematics, and music. Martini Pesenti, Venice; musical composer and performer.

Seventeenth Century, Uldaric Schomberg, Germany; literature. Count de Pagan, Marseilles; mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy. François Malavae, Marseilles; mystics and spiritual poetry. Prosper Fagnani, Rome; law. Claude Comiers, Dauphiny, France; medicine and mathematics; wrote a work on the "Art of Prolonging Life." Bourchenu de Valbonnais, Grenoble;

history. Rev. John Troughton, Coventry, England; theology. Caspar Crumbhorn, Silesia; musical composer and performer. William Kennedy, Ireland; clock builder. Carolan the Bard, Ireland; musical and lyrical writer.

Eighteenth Century, Dr. Henry Moyes, Kirkaldy, Scotland; music, mathematics, and natural philosophy. M. Weissebourg, Mannheim, Germany; geography. Martin Chatelain, Warwick, England; mechanics and music. Francis Potter, London; mechanics, theology, and painting. Carulhi, Nantes; music. Nicholas Bacon, LL. D., London; law. Leonard Euler, Basle, Switzerland; mathematics and astronomy. John Gough, England; botany and philosophy. Sir John Fielding, Westminster, England, blind from youth; police magistrate and author of "The Universal Mentor." David McBeath, Scotland; music, mathematics, and inventions for the blind. Joseph Strong, Carlisle, Scotland; organ builder. Gottlieb Conrad Pfeffel, Colmar, Germany, blind from infancy; poetry; author of "Poetic Fables." M. Avisse, France; poetry. Edward Rushton, England, 1756 to 1814; poetry.

An interesting book, as books go now-a-days, might be made up of sketches of contemporaneous

blind Americans. Perhaps the best known of the lot is Rev. W. H. Milburn, who for many years has held the post of chaplain of the House of Representatives, at Washington. He is a man of great intellectual attainments, and one of the most effective pulpit and platform orators in the United States. His blindness was the result of an accidental blow from the hands of a playmate, suffered at the age of five years, and of unskillful treatment by a physician. Mr. Milburn has often declared his belief that had his family lived a hundred miles from a doctor, thus necessitating the treatment of his injured eye by his mother, with a simple wet bandage, he would have been spared his sight.

Judge William H. West, of Bellefontaine, O., who is one of the leading ornaments of the Ohio bar and a power in the politics of that state, and whose eloquent speech nominating James G. Blaine for the presidency was one of the most memorable incidents of the Republican National Convention, at Chicago, in 1884, has been blind from birth.

John B. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., the head of one of the largest shipbuilding firms in the United

States, and one of the best nautical designers in the country, has been blind since boyhood.

Walter L. Campbell of Youngstown, O., has been successful in law, journalism, and politics, and, in his 49th year, lives in the enjoyment of a comfortable fortune accumulated by his own exertions. He has been Mayor of Youngstown, and is now engaged in the practice of law, at that place. His blindness dates from his early childhood, when a stone thrown by a playmate hit him in the eye.

William E. Cramer, the veteran editor-in-chief of the Milwaukee "Evening Wisconsin," is one of the most remarkable blind men in the United States. An accident which befell him in boyhood permanently impaired his sight and hearing, and for many years he has been totally without the use of his eyes and able to hear only with the aid of an audiphone or speaking tube. But intense energy and industry, quick perception, and marvelous powers of memory and judgment, have enabled him to practically overcome his physical disadvantages. For more than forty years he has been the active head of one of the leading daily newspapers of the Northwest, and very few issues of his paper have gone to press without one

or more articles from his pen. He has traveled extensively in this country and abroad, and has the reputation of being able to find out more, on short acquaintance, concerning any place or man, than can be found out by even the most quick-witted of people in full possession of their senses of seeing and hearing. Though in his 74th year, Mr. Cramer still writes for the paper every day, and his interest extends to every detail of the great journal's management. From the youngest reporter to the managing editor, all the employes feel that their work is the object of his immediate observation, and all have the benefit of his frequent experienced suggestions. His work in his especial department is notable for consistency, lucidity, accuracy, and force.

Chris. Buckley, one of the most influential practical politicians on the Pacific Coast, has been totally blind for the past sixteen years, but his influence has been steadily growing during all that time. He is a strong public speaker, and a wonderfully effective party organizer. He has acquired a fortune variously estimated at from $250,000 to $1,000,000.

S. S. Rickly, president of the Capital City Bank, of Columbus, O., has been blind since ten years ago,

when he was shot in the face by a man whom he had foiled in an effort to raise money on a worthless certificate. Though he lost his sight, Mr. Rickly retained his heart and his business capacity, and is accounted one of the soundest and most successful bankers in Ohio.

Alfred M. Horton, of Middletown, N. Y., has been blind since he was fourteen years of age, but from a poor boy he has grown to be a rich man entirely by his own exertions, and in spite of the deprivation of his sight. He began as a farmer, and is now in the wholesale grain and feed business.

Alfred F. Hayes, the principal coal dealer in the little town of Sewickley, Pa., has been blind from birth. A recent newspaper writer said of him: "He goes backward and forward between his home and his office alone, and conducts an extensive business without clerical aid. He makes out his own orders, keeps account of the cars as they arrive from the mines, weighs the coal before it is delivered, collects and receipts the bills of his several hundred customers, and posts and balances his own books. He is an expert type-writer, and his work equals in neatness and exactness that of the most skillful copyist. In

addition to his other accomplishments, Mr. Hayes is a trained and gifted musician."

The death of Judge Edward F. Head, of the Superior Court of San Mateo County, Cal., which occurred at his residence in Redwood City, May 6, 1890, closed the career of a blind man who was recognized as one of the ablest jurists of the Golden State.

For the following interesting table, giving the number of blind persons in every country of the world in which a census has been taken, I am indebted to Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics:

United States	48,930	Italy	28,100
United Kingdom	33,896	Spain	35,290
France	28,491	Belgium	4,182
Germany	26,170	Holland	2,410
Austria	32,336	Sweden	4,120
Switzerland	2,640	Norway	3,730
Denmark	2,450		
		Total	252,745

It is a singular fact, which, as far as I know, has never before been noted, that in Germany, where, owing to the studious character of the people and the trying obscurity of the German alphabet, the number of bespectacled people is greater in proportion to the population than in any other country in the world the pro-

portionate number of blind is smaller than in any other civilized country, being only 58 to each 1,000 of the population. In Holland there are 61 blind to each 1,000; in France, 74; in Austria, 85; in Sweden and Scotland, 91; in England and Switzerland, 95; in the United States, 97; in Italy, 99; in Ireland, 111; in Denmark, 126; in Norway, 208, and in Spain, 216. The high ratio in Spain is ascribed to dusty plains and want of trees; in Norway to snow, and in Ireland to smoky hovels. The ordinary ratio of sex is 11 blind males to 9 blind females. The French returns show that in only 18 per cent of the blind is the infirmity congenital, the blindness of the remaining 82 per cent having resulted from accident or sickness. An English authority says that more than one-half of all the blind are persons over fifty years of age. Hereditary blindness is infrequent. A report on the blind in the institutions in Philadelphia stated that of 700 blind persons only 12 had either parent blind. Principal Chapin, of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, made an investigation at the Hospice des Quinze Vingts, Paris, which revealed the remarkable fact that of several hundred children born there of parents one or both of whom were blind, there was not one blind at birth.

Chapter VII.

THE VILLAIN UNMASKED.

"This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast."
—"*King John*," *Act IV.*

THE MANIFEST acuteness of the blind in hearing, feeling, and the exercise of memory is remarkable so far only as it illustrates the extent to which these powers may be cultivated by their persistent use. An illustrative instance was witnessed by myself while a student at the New York Institution for the Blind. One morning the Superintendent announced at the close of the chapel service that he would introduce a friend who would favor us with a song, but whose name he wished to withhold until he could learn if there were any present who could remember a voice they had not heard for more than nine years. At the

conclusion of the song a blind lady arose and gave the name of the singer, and some incidents relating to the previous occasion of the singer's visit. Another notable instance of this sort was related many years ago by some of the French newspapers, of a villain unmasked, condemned, and executed on the testimony of a blind man, whose only help in unraveling the fearful mystery was a retentive memory, coupled with a fine ear for discriminating voices and sounds. As I possess no printed or written document to refer to, I will not attempt to deal in details, but will relate so much of the gist of the affair, from memory, as will no doubt answer the present purpose.

It happened one evening that our sightless friend found it necessary to walk alone to a neighboring village, which lay at some distance from his home. The road was dark and dreary; but the absence of a lighted firmament was unnoticed by him, and the roughness of the way had no marked effect, for he had often traveled it before. As he neared the dismal forest through which his path led, his sense of awe was somewhat awakened by the weird music of the wind as it played through the bending tree-tops, and

the chatterings of the wild denizens of the woods that were not often disturbed in their nightly vigils. Suddenly his ear was startled by the sound of a human voice, and drawing cautiously nearer to the place whence the sounds proceeded, he distinctly overheard a conversation which, though brief, was tragic enough to terrorize any person unaccustomed to deeds of violence; especially if he were bereft of sight, and consequently without the ordinary means of escape or defense, if his unwelcome presence should be suspected. The discourse was by a man who was pleading for his life with another who had him in his power and was about to slay him for his money. The pleader for mercy upbraided the villain for having thus betrayed one who had for years been his benefactor and friend. The murderer, however, was deaf to all entreaties, and soon after sanctioned the evil words, "dead men tell no tales," with a home-thrust of his dagger, and put an end to the controversy, and the life of the victim of his inordinate greed. Then picking up the lifeless form (as he afterwards confessed) he bore it in a more secure place for concealment and burial. Brushing past the blind man, who stood seemingly paralized with horror, he noticed

with surprise that a human presence was so near. He also saw that he was without sight, and thinking a blind witness to be a harmless one, and not wishing to add another crime to the dark deed already wrought, he contented himself with uttering a fearful threat of vengeance if the matter ever came to light, and hurried off to what he considered more important business. The blind man also pursued his way without hindrance to his place of destination, but was too much overcome by the adventure and the fearful threat of the murderer to give any hint of the tragedy to his most intimate friends.

In ancient times it is said that a valiant king, from whose eyes the light had fled, was accustomed to lead his charging hosts to battle by the aid of his trusty guides who rode by his side. Wherever the trumpet blast or the clang of the contending forces showed that the battle raged the fiercest, there the towering form of the blind old king might be seen cheering his brave men onward to victory. But the calm, deliberate midnight scene of a cold blooded butchery, without power to assist the wretch who was vainly praying for help, is quite another affair; so thought our blind friend, as he pondered the mat-

ter in his own mind. Then, too, the murderer had threatened him with death if he betrayed the secret. He knew him by sight, and for aught the blind man could tell was watching him closely. Any denouncement, therefore, no matter what the temptation might be, would place this blind man in the case of a benighted traveler, lost in the darkness, with the knowledge that a blood-thirsty beast of prey was scenting his track, ready to spring upon him whenever opportunity should arise.

At a date a little previous to the events narrated, a wealthy jeweler who had resided many years at Marseilles, France, had concluded to retire from business, and return to his native England, to spend the remainder of his days. Letters were accordingly written by him, and arrangements made for his reception at the old homestead. But as the time for his coming passed by, and no letters were received explaining the delay, the relatives became suspicious of foul play, and a lively search was instituted. The English friends—among them a brother of the jeweler—were people of wealth and influence, the jeweler himself being also favorably known, particularly at Marseilles. The French authorities took up the mat-

ter with great diligence. But after the most strenuous efforts nothing satisfactory or definite could be obtained. It was ascertained, to be sure, that the missing man had left Marseilles accompanied by a servant who had been in his employ for some years, and who seemed fully in his confidence; that the two had journeyed together for a little time; and here all clue was lost. Finally the servant was found established in a rural town in the old business of his master. The servant was arrested and brought before the courts, but the most critical examination failed to elicit anything condemnatory to himself; and for want of any substantial evidence to the contrary his plausible story of the affair was received, and he was dismissed from custody.

Meantime our blind friend had become acquainted with the state of things, through the newspapers of the day,—for most of the blind find the eyes of others to read for them,— and learning that the servant of the missing jeweler had been arrested and dismissed, he thought his testimony might be of use to the officers in search. Summoning up courage, he accordingly went to the chief magistrate of the town, and, after securing a promise of protection in case any trouble

should arise, he laid the matter well before him. The Judge was struck with the story, and convinced of its truthfulness, but was unable to see how anything could be made out of it. The blind man, however, did not lack resources. He told the Judge that he could remember the voice of the murderer, if it should ever fall upon his ear again, and if there were any more prisoners to be tried for the crime, he would be present and identify them, if they were guilty. This gave a new impetus to the search. The Judge, though very incredulous as to the results, thought the matter worth the trial. He accordingly rearrested the servant and appointed the time for examination. While the scheme was managed with as much privacy as the circumstances would possibly permit, to condemn a prisoner upon such testimony as would likely be produced would doubtless be considered a matter of great injustice; but the Judge faintly hoped that some clue to the case might be caught up during the investigation. At the examination, which soon after took place, the Judge took pains to have some parties present whom he was sure were entire strangers to the man who was blind, and whose voices he intended to first put to the test, in order, if possible, to throw

the blind man off the track. But the plan was a failure, so far as controverting the statement of the witness was concerned. The voices of several of these parties were tried, but he strongly insisted that he had never heard them before. The true prisoner was then brought into court, as soon as he saw the blind man his eyes were riveted upon him, his face turned deadly pale, and there was a visible tremor throughout his frame. He soon, however, assumed comparative control of himself, and answered with calmness the first interrogatories of the Judge, but as soon as his voice was heard, the blind man arose, and said firmly: "That is the murderer whose voice I heard in the forest." The prisoner was confused, and overwhelmed by the assertion, but soon rallied to rebut the influence that was setting in thickly against him. The Judge, however, still wishing to place the matter beyond doubt, ordered the prisoner to be taken out of court and another person to be put on trial. As the officer was retiring with the prisoner the Judge waved his hand significantly to him to return with the same man. When brought back for another test the prisoner became enraged, and in a hoarse voice cursed the officer in charge. "There"—said the blind

man—"that is not a new voice I hear. It is the voice of the murderer. I could tell it among a thousand." The firm, decisive tone of the blind man, coupled with the unmistakable recognition of the truthfulness of the evidence that showed itself in the manner and looks of all present, had an overwhelming effect upon the prisoner. Perhaps, too, the wrangling of a guilty conscience played a conspicuous part in forcing the confession which soon followed. The result was that upon his own confession of guilt, brought about by the witness of a man who had never seen his face, but heard only his voice, the prisoner was condemned and executed for the betrayal and murder of his fellow-traveler and friend.

Chapter VIII.

HIGHER DRILL.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian Spring."
—*Pope.*

AFTER I had been in New York four years, I concluded to make a tour through the West. There were several friends whom I wished to visit on my way, but my final destination was my aunt's family, who were at this time residing in the State of Illinois. So I bade my blind friends good-by, and started with the intention of making Mannsville, New York, my first stopping place. I remained in the vicinity of Mannsville several weeks.

My next point of interest was South Valley, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., where lived an uncle whom I held in high esteem. My uncle's home was near the Alleghany Reservation, a tract of land reserved by

the Six Nations when they ceded a portion of their country to our government. Here I had an opportunity of becoming somewhat acquainted with the Indian character; for, although they were in general shy, yet one of their number proved to be an exception to the rule, and made us frequent and prolonged visits. His dress consisted of pants and shirt, fashioned like those of the Europeans, but unlike them he wore his shirt outside his other garments, which gave him a rather slouching appearance. He was very talkative, especially after partaking of a hearty dinner. Then he was ready to tell us of the spirit-land, to sing songs or perform war-dances, and would even go into a double shuffle whenever I played a lively tune for him on the violin. Of course, I am not in favor of dancing as it is publicly managed. But this old Indian danced in the day-time, danced when he needed exercise, and stopped when he was weary—though on one occasion I determined to put his powers of endurance to the test, and so kept playing until my friends, fearing he would become exhausted, advised me to rest. As soon as the music ceased he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming almost breathlessly, "Long song dat!"

A piece of information concerning the physical appearance of the natives gave me a little surprise. I was told that quite a number of them had blue eyes and light hair. Now I had learned from my geography, when a boy, that Indians had black eyes and dark hair, and I had never heard of an exception to this rule; but here it seems Dame Nature stepped out of her course and gave to the dusky savage a light complexion, blue eyes, and, in a few instances, golden tresses. But I will leave the solution of this mystery to others and resume my journey; for I have stayed in this place about seven weeks, which you will acknowledge is quite a visitation. The time, however, has been spent very pleasantly; for beside the profitable reading we have enjoyed, and the lively visit within doors, we have been almost daily to the river, and have many times skated together over its frozen surface (it is winter); and on one occasion we climbed nearly to the summit of a mountain that throws its giant shadows athwart the little valley where my uncle and his family reside.

After parting with my relatives and their aboriginal neighbors, I proceeded on my way until I reached Hudson, Ohio, when a short ride brought me

to the home of one of my father's sisters. This aunt was a young girl and lived at home with my grandmother during the time she had charge of me in my infancy, and, as might be expected, she and her family gave me a warm reception, and provided me with every comfort while I remained with them. In fact, she, like others of my friends, thought I ought to live with her, as she was lonely and no one had any stronger claims upon me than herself.

My next stopping place was near Toledo, Ohio, where I was agreeably entertained by my friends. After spending a reasonable length of time with them, I journeyed on to Fremont, Indiana. Here I found rich enjoyment in the company of my old neighbors. When I had completed my stay at Fremont, I went directly to the home of my aunt who resided near Seneca, La Salle County, Illinois. While at her house, one of her sons, being of an ambitious turn of mind, induced me to put forth some efforts in the direction of obtaining a permanent home and property for myself. He first proposed that I should purchase a breaking team, as there was much unbroken prairie in his vicinity, and he could manage the work for me. This I accordingly did. The team consisted of two

yoke of oxen. The plan might have succeeded well had not one of the oxen died before the breaking season was over. This threatened to be quite a disaster, for cattle were very high at that time. My cousin, however, sold the remaining ox for enough to buy a pair of young steers, which he raised for me. My aunt also contributed by raising a steer to fill the dead one's place, so that my loss was really a gain, as far as I was individually concerned. I busied myself mostly with listening to reading, and visiting my friends and neighbors. I had taken a fancy for public speaking, however. This idea was not wholly original with me; it had been suggested by my friends. Accordingly, after spending some little time at Seneca, Illinois, I set out with the hope of finding some institution of learning where I could obtain reading from the students and could listen to their recitation and other exercises.

Soon after I learned there was a college of high repute at Hillsdale, Michigan, and thither I bent my steps, or rather "groped my way"; for it must be acknowledged that a blind man, traveling among strangers, cannot discern his path very clearly nor very far in advance of him. Although my progress

was slow, I went as directly to a welcoming haven as though I had possessed the best of sight.

Immediately after my arrival at Hillsdale, I found a fine old German gentleman, to whose family I had been introduced, who took me to his house to stay with him over Sabbath; and this favor he repeated as often as he could find opportunity during the whole of my stay in this place. On the first of the following week I called upon Dr. Fairfield, the President of the college (recently sent as Minister to Lyons, France), who received me kindly and informed me that I was welcome to all the instruction I could obtain. He also took pains to introduce me to the senior professor and other members of the faculty, and did all in his power to make me feel at home in my new situation. The President, like most of our great men, had risen to his position mainly through his own efforts, and was, therefore, well prepared to sympathize with those who were endeavoring to help themselves. He had also been among the first and most prominent in founding the institution, and, consequently, had a right—if he choose—to place me under its patronage.

It has sometimes been inferred from what has

been said concerning my course at Hillsdale, that it is a school for the blind; but this is not the case. I am the only blind person who has been a student there; and I was to gain my information by having the students read their lessons to me, and by listening to recitations and oral exercises. After I had become acquainted with the students, and they had learned my object in coming, I found no difficulty in obtaining all the reading I needed, and their interest in my welfare was more apparent when I began to take an active part in the recitations. I also found much enjoyment and profit in taking part in a literary society of the college.

When I had been in college about two years, I was informed by my class-mates that they wished me to finish the course with them; and soon afterward President Fairfield told me that if I would study vigorously through the following year, he would, at the end of that period graduate me. This I accordingly did, and at the time specified received the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Thus ended my student life at Hillsdale, but not my stay in that place, for I have spent many happy hours in and about the college, and have still the

satisfaction of knowing that I shall be welcome there whenever I choose to return. Hillsdale, by the way, is a flourishing city in Southern Michigan, one hundred and eighty miles east of Chicago, sixty-six west of Toledo, and eighty southwest of Detroit. Hillsdale College occupies the honorable position of being next in point of numbers and throughness of instruction to the State University. The College has from the first been open to all without distinction of sex or color. It was chartered Feb. 9, 1855; it was opened for the admission of students, November 7 of the same year.

Having sketched a few of the principal incidents of my life, and described briefly two institutions of learning from which I have obtained a portion of the little knowledge I possess, I will ask you, my friends, to tarry a little longer while I say a few words concerning my vocation. I might with propriety dispense with this were it not for the consideration that some will be at a loss to know whether I have made use of what I received, or whether the labors of my instructors have been entirely misplaced.

For the last twenty-five years I have employed my time principally in lecturing upon various topics,

such as, "The Education of the Blind," "Physiology," "Astronomy, or what a Blind Man Saw Among The Stars," and moral subjects. I have lectured with success in the cities and towns of Northern New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, Southern Wisconsin and Michigan, Eastern Iowa, Western Missouri, and Kansas from East to West. And during this time I have published and sold two thousand copies of a bound volume, entitled "Trimsharp's Account of Himself," price, one dollar; eleven hundred copies of "Captain Bettes, or Pioneer Life"; two thousand "Musings"; one thousand "Life is a Stage," twelve thousand "Stray Leaves," beside several editions of sheet music. I make mention of these things not to boast, but to inspire hope in others, especially those who are laboring under the same peculiar embarrassment as myself. We can accomplish much more in any condition of life when in a hopeful frame of mind than when depressed by despondency or the blues. It is not always for our good to look lingeringly on a gloomy past, or to too intently contemplate the gloom around us. In so doing we might be compelled to share the fate of Mr. Jones. An insane man was sharpening a knife to "cut old Jones'

head off." Some one suggested to him that Mr. Jones needed his head. "I know it," he replied, "I shall put it on again. I am only going to turn it around, so that Jones can look back on his past life."

Although I have been well received by the intelligent and sympathic wherever I have been, yet I am aware of the fact that eyesight is essential to the highest success in oratory. It needs the eye as well as the voice to rivet the attention and thrill the soul of him who listens. Still the deep sympathy created in the minds of the audience for one who has lost his vision compensates in a great measure for the embarrassment it occasions. And if the blind speaker is convinced that his efforts are appreciated, there is no reason why he should not persevere and do all in his power to benefit those who come within his sphere of action.

When canvassing for my books and songs I am often met with the enquiry, "Will this patronage contribute to your support?" Now, while I do not wish my works to go begging for patronage, I unhesitatingly answer, "Yes," for I desire it to be distinctly understood that I am not so greedy for gain as to leave a comfortable home, if I had one, and

venture out in my blindness, depending on a guide who does not always understand his business nor attend to what he does know, to meet the ups and downs of life, the bad as well as the good people, at so great a disadvantage.

No! if I were a blind soldier with a pension, or a man with some means, I would stay at home, where I could have reading done for me, and could take just such an amount of exercise as my health demands, in a safe and pleasant way. I never expect to be wealthy, but I would like to live on a little better terms with my conceptions of comfort and taste. For as Shakespeare says, "If thou art rich, thou art poor. For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee." Life is such a mystery we cannot tell what is best, and so may as well conclude that everything is best. If we ever have bad luck, it might be worse. If we are successful, we might be still more fortunate. If we are behind, we mourn over our inertness. If we are ahead in spite of all obstructions, we are in fear lest we have been butting against Providence. Very much like a man who, in describing the high-way, said, "When you get

to the forks you may take which road you please, but whichever you take, you will be sorry you did not take the other."

"Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food—
Such are the poor, in health;
Or else a feast, and takes away the stomach—
Such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not."

If Fortune should ever call at my door I will likely be away from home, or too weary to be aware of her presence. There are three kinds of poor—the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils. I labor hard to secure a worthy place with the former class, viz., to be considered one of the Lord's poor. "The Lord helps him who helps himself," and I have no words of comment for the pious fool who is all faith and no works. The moral was illustrated in an original way by a colored preacher who was asked if God answered prayers. "That," said he, "'pends on what you axes for. Some prayers is answered, and some isn't. Just arter de war, when it was mighty hard scratchin' for the cullud breddren, I besarved dat whenever I prayed de Lawd to send me one of Mars'r Payton's fat turkeys dar was no notice

taken of de petition; but when I prayed de Lawd to send de old man for de turkey, de matter was 'tended to 'fore sun-up nex' mornin', dead sartin'."

I am charitably inclined towards the public. I have been treated with consideration and respect wherever I have been, with the exception of a few instances, and these, I judge, are persons who do not care for themselves, and we cannot expect them to give out anything they do not possess. "It takes wit to see wit," said an old codger down East. If this want of consideration is due to ignorance it is still blameworthy, for people have a duty to inform themselves in regard to the real necessities and comforts of others, especially the unfortunate among them. And I cannot help giving these indifferent spectators over to the honest condemnation of our German friend, Bender, that "Any shentlemans vot vill go roumd pehind your face, und talk in front of your pack, apout somedings vas a shwindler."

No one is absolutely faultless, nor are any so devoid of manly excellence as to feel no promptings of a generous spirit. There are, indeed, in every individual's make-up all the qualities of soul, good and bad which characterize the whole human race. In this

way, every man becomes our brother, whether he be a saint or a savage, a cringing miser or a benevolent patron of his kind, the difference being simply one of proportion and degree. The true object of our life, therefore, must be to cultivate and develop the higher faculties of our nature and subordinate the lower and more boisterous ones.

Often while waiting at stations I employ my time in writing the point-print,—generally on postal cards, to friends. These cards, of course, are a matter of curiosity to the mail agents. One post-master told me that he supposed it to be his duty to read all the cards that passed through his office, but he thought he should be obliged to let this one go unread. He failed to see how anybody could get anything out of that bundle of holes, forgetting probably that nature abhors a vacuum. The attaching so much significance to a hole reminds me of an indolent fellow by the name of Jack Hole. He was too lazy to write his whole name so he would write J. for Jack, and thrust his pen through the paper for Hole.

My vocation as a lecturer has afforded me opportunity for revisiting places which were familiar to me when my vision was good, as well as those where I

was tenderly cared for at the time of losing my sight. In the early days of my affliction, my dependence was not so much of a financial nature; for I had managed to save a little of the needful, but that which I wanted most, and I am thankful to say freely received, was the sympathy and love of a few true-hearted friends. But I scorned the pity and shunned the curiosity of the many thoughtless ones who are ever ready to rush in where angels tread lightly, if, indeed, they venture at all. O! the friends of those sad years! Some are still bearing the burdens and sharing the joys incident to our stay in this mortal sphere; others though brave and hearty at the time, have fallen out by the way; yet the memory of all is still fresh to me, and as grateful to my heart as the morning dew upon the tender blade. I would single them out, call them by name, speak of their virtues, and crown them with wreaths of imperishable glory, had I the pen of a ready writer. But no; it would not gratify them nor the reader for me to undertake it. These friends gave not hoping to receive; though I trust they did not love hoping not to be loved in return.

Externals have much to do with us, after all, as

the colored preacher remarked to his good deacon, who had remonstrated with him for saying to his congregation that the infernal region was imbedded in ice and snow so that a sinner would freeze to death in a moment of time. "Why," said he, "dose darkies am mity 'fraid of cold weather, and if I tell dem hell am a warm place dey'll all be going dare."

Notwithstanding the trials and perplexities incident to this life, we must acknowledge that it is a gift deserving of the highest gratitude and of the most vigilant care. There is a grandeur in the human heart that is worthy of the highest consideration; a nobility that is Godlike. Notwithstanding the variety of elements to be found in individual existence, as well as in society, it is our privilege, and our duty to cherish a love for our race; and this love should prompt us to study how we shall best meet the demands made upon us in view of the relationship we sustain. Our band of brotherhood called society is so intimately connected by various interests that no part can be affected for good or evil without sending a corresponding influence through every portion of its organism.

The drama of human existence moves ever onward,

like a majestic river, absorbing and being absorbed, yet on the whole gathering volume and strength as it continually advances. To the immense multitudes who throng the stage of life, now estimated at more than twelve hundred millions, there are added annually by birth thirty six million seven hundred and ninety two thousand, or seventy every minute, while there are wasted every year by death thirty five million, two hundred and fourteen thousand, or sixty seven every minute.

Of the living Actors there are more than five hunred thousand forced like myself into the dark drama, and fated to play their part in a back-ground with no visible radiance to guide or cheer them. In such a state, with such a companionship of clouds and thick darkness, are not the blind entitled to consideration and encouragement from the seeing? On the other hand, what should be the condemnation of those who treat them with cold neglect, or make sport of their infirmities. The least that can in justice be done is to banish them from the good fellowship of all the upright beings God has made. I do not say that they are not a part of God's creation, but I am strongly reminded of them in connection with the traditional

origin of the swine. It is said that when the sheep were first introduced into the world, the devil was much pleased with them, and thought he would make some sheep of his own. He accordingly went to work; but imagine his surprise, when his creatures were evolved from his labratory, to find they were only swine. And when the shearing time came he found their fleece to be about as useless for the purpose designed as these selfish persons who live for themselves alone—which in fact is living for almost nothing—are to mankind. And so the saying went about the country and came down to us as a household phrase "Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared the pig."

The Hebrew scriptures struck a fine point in morals when they said with their characteristic tone of authority, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling block in the way of the blind." But why tarry, when "brevity is the soul of wit," and we are assured that a short discourse is generally more effective than a lengthy one?

Chapter IX.

FINALE.

"O! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal.
Not here the muse her virtues would relate."
—*Lord Byron.*

THE LIGHTS burn blue and the music has a muffled sound as the final act takes up its weird march.

I see the familiar faces of an innumerable company of loved ones casting pitying glances at me as they turn aside to rest under the cypress and the willow that shade so thickly the whole path of life. Strikingly conspicuous among them is Etta, the wife of my earlier years, whose tired feet gave out when she had reached only half the usual journey's length. Her emphatic expression of love for me is as fresh in my mind as when she gave it voice, that she would not wish to go to Heaven if she knew that I would not

be there. Among the letters received from sympathizing friends at the time of her death is one so comprehensive in its scope that I include it here, trusting that its words of counsel and kindness may reach other hearts and benefit other lives as it has my own.

"BROOKLYN, N Y., Jan. 3, 1885.

"MY DEAR FULLER: I cannot tell you how much I pity you, in your great affliction. A true, affectionate wife, is Heaven's choicest blessing, and there are never enough days left in life to count her loss. It is a sorrow that cannot be measured—a cloud that has no silver lining. You possess my most profound sympathy, and that of Mrs. Carleton, whom I have told of you, and whose heart always grieves with mine at the afflictions of my friends.

"But, my dear fellow, the one who is gone would not have you let this dispensation crush and discourage you. She would have your life-work go on as vigorously as ever, and your ambition crowned with brighter and brighter success. Do not brood over your sorrow. *Work, and occupation of mind*, are the great remedies for mental suffering. You can at least march out from under the cloud, and find brighter weather, if you will. I know it is hard, but you have conquered many obstacles, and I am sure that the energy which has enabled you to do so, will not desert you now.

"With brotherly affection and kindest regards, believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"WILL CARLETON.

"MR. H. A. FULLER."

A few years nearer in the procession comes the graceful form of our loved and lost Sarah Etta, our first-born, our only child whose angel visit in our household continued only eleven months. She was so bright and beautiful, so vigorous in mind and body, that none would have guessed for a moment that she had not come to stay with us. And when my wife

expressed a wish to visit friends in an eastern city, I readily assented to the proposal, supposing, of course, that our separation would be for only a short period. But the first tidings I received of them after their departure was a telegram telling me the baby was dead. Sick in mind and body, I turned away, almost wishing that I, too, was dead. When I recovered from my illness, which followed, I resumed business with alacrity, remembering that the mother of my darling still lived and needed my love and care.

Yet, during these successive disasters, my hopes have been so often crushed—by blindness—by financial failures and by the death of dear ones around me—that I cannot build again in any substantial way; I am cheerful and try to look on the bright side of things, but I see the joys of life as the rainbow sees the sunbeams, through the mist and tears.

My star has set; its trembling rays
No more illume my lonely path;
Ah, tell me, Thou who reign'st above,
Why was it subject to thy wrath?

Why was a thing that Thou hadst made
So pure and beautiful and just,
Struck from its firmament of love,
And, reeling, sent to crumbling dust?

A whispering answer from the skies
Comes like a zephyr o'er the sea,
To cool my brow and aching breast,
And fill my soul with ecstasy.

It says, "Thy star is set, 'tis true,
And hid within the cold, damp earth,
But in that realm beyond the grave,
'Twill rise to an immortal birth.

"The hand that set it in the sky
Shall make it brighter than before,
And sin's dark clouds or earth's rude storms
Can hide its beauties nevermore."

"It is enough, my Lord," I cried;
"Only this boon I ask for me:
That Thou wilt, when my course is run,
Take me to share its joys with Thee."

THE LAMENT OF THE BLIND.

To Harvey A. Fuller, by his wife, Sarah W. Fuller.

I have no day, but all is night!
For me the sun gives forth no light!
At times I sadly weep and pray
For God to send one single ray.

But not for me the noon's glad hours;
I cannot see the lovely flowers.
In vain the sky's exquisite blue,
The diamond sparkles of the dew.

In vain the sunset clouds of gold,
In vain the grandest scenes are rolled;
I feel the sun in splendor shine,
But nothing of its light is mine.

Beneath my feet the grass is spread,
And leaves are rustling overhead;
The birds flit through the leafy dome
To downy nests, they call their home.

But grass and trees are naught to me—
Their forms of grace I cannot see;
Nor river rolling broad and grand,
Nor beasts, nor birds, nor house, nor land.

All nature's beauties are to me
But things of blackest mystery;
The starry dome, the boundless air,
Are only blanks of dark despair.

The dainty things that make home bright,
Can never bless my poor lost sight;
The statues, books, and pictures rare,
In name alone to me are fair.

But though this loss I oft deplore,
There's one that makes the trial more;
The friends I hold in life most dear,
My sense of sight cannot bring near.

To feel the c'asp of gentle fingers,
And hear a voice whose music lingers,
And never see the matchless grace,
Nor look upon the lovely face!

And when the hand of death shall touch
The one that I now love so much,
To know I may not bear in mind
That dear one's face—for I am blind.

Oh! 'tis a mournful thing to be
Forever chained in night's dark sea;
To long, and yearn, and pray for sight,
And never see one ray of light!

Chapter X.

RIFTS IN THE SHADOWS.

"My friend thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest with wet eyes upon the time
Of cheering hopes that filled the world with light:
Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die
Thy pleasant youth's a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

IT IS characteristic of genius to foster the spirit of growth and development in others. One who has brightened my path more than any other in this direction—unless it be the poet Carleton himself—is John G. Gregory, whose name is mentioned in connection with the lines in the beginning of this book, and who afterward rendered me so much service in compiling my list of eminent blind, as seen in Chapter Sixth, "A Host of Actors". To his associate in liter-

ary labors, Mr. Julius Bleyer, I am also under great obligations for kind and appreciative notices of my work.

The following letters, which are to me rifts of cheering light in the darkness, were designed for my personal perusal and not for public entertainment, and, therefore, some apology would seem due for their appearance here. As this, however, is a sketch of life incidents, and these words of encouragement from distinguished friends are among the brightest and choicest incidents of my journey in Shadowland, I think their presence will not be out of harmony with the rest of the book. Indeed, it would seem almost ingratitude on my part, were I to put them away from the sight of everybody, when I can so easily share my good fortune with others.

Among the most gratifying of these autograph letters is one from John Greenleaf Whittier, the oldest living poet of America. From my boyhood days I have venerated this great and good man, who is styled the "Quaker Poet", and whose beautiful and philanthropic writings are worthy of the highest enlogium that can ever be pronounced. I feel in reference to his kind sympathy so tenderly expressed for

me a yearning sense of obligation like the sentiment in his poem "Given and Taken":

"Sweet the offering seemed; and yet
With this sweetness came regret
And a sense of unpaid debt."

His letter is as follows:

AMESBURY, Mass., Nov. 12, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND: I have read thy book with great interest, not only on account of its literary ability, but because it is written under great disadvantage and written so well. I can in some sort understand thy trial, or my sight is so impaired that I cannot write or read much.

With many thanks for thy kindness in sending thy book,

I am, with real sympathy and respect,

Thy Aged Friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Close beside the venerable Whittier in years as well as in the hearts of his countrymen is Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. Like the former, he possesses a diversity of gifts; and his prose works as well as his poems are known and read by all classes. Although long past the period in which the generality of men are useful to their fellows, he is a vigorous example of his witty conceit in his well-known class poem, "The Boys":

"Gray temples at twenty?
Yes, white if you please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest,
There's nothing can freeze."

He writes:

BOSTON, Oct. 27, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept my thanks for your very interesting little book, 'Where Dark Shadows Play', which I have been reading with great pleasure.

My own eyesight is getting somewhat dim, as is natural enough at my age, and I can sympathize with you to some extent as a fellow-sufferer. But I am glad to see that you are cheerful and busy.

Believe me,

Sincerely Yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We read that in ancient times there were two remarkable men, one "the *Weeping Philosopher*"; and the other "the *Laughing Philosopher*". To embody both of these philosophies, and to adjust ones-self to every contingency of human needs, whether it be to sorrow over and comfort the afflicted, or to "chase dull care away", with sparkling humor, and wit that never offends, is a marvelous combination of gifts, which mortals seldom possess. Such, however, is the character of the author of the following letter. That wit of wits whose sympathies are as keen as his humor, and who surely comprehends the truth that the world is not so bright but that it may be retouched a little now and then, especially in shadowy places:

ROBINSNEST, Bryn Mawr, Pa., May 25, 1891.

MY DEAR FULLER: I have just finished your book, reading the greater portion of it aloud to the wee family that gathers in my den when

'The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea'.

Only the day has not been 'gaudy' but gray, a quiet, sober, cloud-shaded Quaker day. Nor has it been 'blabbing', because all day I have been setting out my roses, digging in the dirt while my sister was in town, and Robert Junior was at school: so it has been a voiceless, quiet day. Neither has it been 'remorseful', for I have not slain a human being this week, and nothing less than murder awakens my conscience after the lecture season closes. Nor has the day 'crept into the bosom of the sea', because the nearest sea is 100 miles away, and due east of us. So my quotation is a proleptic anachronism and dares n't take it up. But it's the only one I can think of just now, so it will have to go.

But I started out to tell how we enjoyed your book. Why should a fellow—(Come right over to the next page, old man! Here I am!) want eyes, when he can see so well and talk about it as well as you do in the dark? The next time I write a book I am going to shut my eyes and do it; then may be I will write something worth reading. Do you know, I have been up in the land of your birth? I know Sandy Creek ever so well.

Well if the shadows do lie upon your eyes, certainly they do not hang over your heart. A brave, good, true life has been yours, and if ever heroic surgery should decapitate you and put your head on hind-side foremost, like 'old Jones', you can look back on your past life without regret.

Good bye; I didn't intend to send you a newspaper, but a letter, when I began to scribble. Some day I hope good fortune will throw me in your way, that you may pick me up if you stumble over me, and for a laughing hour we will

'Frame our minds to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life'.

Sincerely Your Friend,

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

In reading the writings of the author of the following letter you will be surprised to find him equally at home whether wrestling with the rugged realities of prose or delighting himself in the more restful shades and refreshing contemplations so freely offered in the realm of verse:

LIMA, Ind., May 31, 1891.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: Whether I wrote you last or not I cannot say; but the chances are that you wrote me. I am growing negligent about a lot of things, and letter writing is one of them. I account for it in this way: I have always a good deal to do—a good many anxieties; and I think my friends will pardon my seeming neglect—knowing that it is only *seeming*. Your letter was such a surprise and such a pleasure. I think of you often: of your brave self-helping life and I hope in God's sweet kindness he gives to you more than he has taken away or with-held. It is hard to say—or to say and to mean—that all things are for the best, but I guess it is so. The mystery of life is a deep and many times a sad one. You and I can only conjecture why *this* sad thing is so, and *that* glad thing is so: we can only accept them and believe that there is ONE who does understand all about it, and that there is no conjecture or guesswork with Him. What your life might be or mine might be without the tempering element of sorrow, only the Father knows, but I suspect it is best that *they are just as they are*. It only takes a little thing to make or mar a human life and with some it needs a great affliction to save from more great sorrow. I need not say these things to—you with your thrice cheerful, workful, helpful life. God bless you and ever keep you as strong and happy as you now are.

I thank you for the copy of your beautiful book, and I hope some day I may be able to reciprocate the courtesy, and perhaps even now I may be able to in one way. I shall give it a little newspaper write-up, and suggest to the Editor that he say something more that is nice, or authorize me to. There are a number of Hillsdale students in this county, and they no doubt will be glad to hear of it.

I wish you would write me again, and soon. I will be prompt in reply. My mother sends her love to you and yours, as do I.

Sincerely Yours,

S. B. MCMANUS.

In a little northern town in Wisconsin, situated on the Wolf River, lives the poet Rexford. His beautiful song, "Silver Threads Among The Gold", is known and sung in every household. Whether his poetical works or his knowledge of plants and flowers render him the most pleasing and entertaining

to his readers and friends would be I suppose a matter of taste. His generous feeling is expressed in the following letter:

SHIOCTON, Wis., Jan. 30, 1891.

HARVEY A. FULLER—DEAR SIR: Please accept my thanks for the copy of 'Dark Shadows', which you have kindly sent me. I shall read it with interest, and prize it all the more because it comes to me from the author. If you have never read my 'Brother and Lover' I shall take pleasure in sending you a copy.

I thank you for your kind wishes. Allow me to return them in kind. I trust the shadow you are in may be one of those which '*lead us to the sun*'.

Yours Very Truly,

EBEN E. REXFORD.

My acquaintance with the history of the noted author and eloquent speaker, Rev. Dr. Milburn, who has filled the office of Chaplain to Congress so ably for many years,—began by the reading of a long reference to him in the "American Cyclopedia", under the heading of "Blindness". Since then I have heard so much read and talked of him that I have come to regard him *the Prince* among the blind of this country. I feel honored in having received from him the following letter:

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., May 23, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR: I beg your pardon for the delay in acknowledging the receipt of your most kind note together with the acceptable present of your book. I hoped to find time to read the book before writing to you, but a pressure of other work has thus far kept me from doing so; but I hope to read it before long. Meanwhile let me thank you most heartily for your

generous remembrance of me, and express the hope that your book will have a large sale. With best regards and wishes

I am, my dear Sir,

Very Truly Yours,

W. H. MILBURN.

Among the brightest rifts in the shadows is the following from my old President, of Hillsdale College, now United States Minister to Lyons, France. I have spoken at length of him in a previous chapter:

LYONS, FRANCE, Feb. 21, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I ought long ago to have acknowledged the receipt from you of your interesting little volume, but one thing and another have crowded upon me, and it has been postponed.

I rejoice to know of your prosperity, of your family joys, and of the hosts of friends that do not forget you.

I enclose a check: for which you may send a copy of your book to Rev. M. W. Fairfield, Ypsilanti, Mich. He is my only brother.

My son George—born in Hillsdale in 1865—is with me as Vice-Consul. The rest of my family are widely scattered.

My kindest regards to your family.

Yours Always,

EDM. B. FAIRFIELD.

Here follows the kind and sympathetic letter which the brother of Consul Fairfield, Rev. M. W. Fairfield, wrote me on receiving the book his brother requested me to send him:

ORMOND, Florida, Mar. 24, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR: I received some days since, via Ypsilanti, my home, your recent charming little book, "Dark Shadows", by the courtesy of my brother. I am obliged both to him and yourself. I have enjoyed very much the *brochure*. You seem to manage to gather up considerable *sunshine* in your darkness, and wisely seek to make the best of what you justly regard as a great affliction.

Perhaps I ought rather to regard you as among the *elect* few and favored, from the account you give of remarkabe men who have suffered the loss of sight. You yourself might be added to this list. God bless you and brighten all your way!

Yours Fraternally,

M. W. FAIRFIELD.

I have not from the first intended to parade my virtues nor infirmities, but to say just enough about myself to keep up the thread of discourse. I have desired to make this little volume interesting, and to exalt the character and mission of the blind to the common standard of mankind. I have also endeavored to encourage others to active life by showing what a common humanity inspired by Providence will do for us when we try to help ourselves. With such helps and sympathies let us endeavor to look beyond the shadows, and to broaden our lives with thoughts for the welfare of others; remembering, as Longfellow says:

"Into all lives some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

A lady of wealth and position, Mrs. Sara B. Judd, of Milwaukee, learning by accident that I had written a book which I was without means to publish—having recently lost the accumulation of years in my Kansas disasters—immediately employed a woman to canvass for the work. After the woman had been paid her commission and enough raised in advance for the printer, the result was the publishing of "Where Dark Shadows Play". The books were sold for one dollar each. The edition consisted of a thousand copies, of which about five hundred came to me. Mrs. Judd took her own carriage and personally delivered the books to the subscribers, receiving no compensation whatever except my grateful acknowledgements, which she of course knew were sincere. I cannot but think that she was inspired to do this work for me by ONE who *Himself* "went about doing good", the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief.

May death run slow upon her track,
And length of days to her be given;
The pearly gate swing widely back
When she at last shall reach fair heaven.

The special kindness of this lady, and of others of the "St. James Ten of King's Daughters," of this city, who have given me substantial cheer, among whom I may mention Mrs. Francis Boyd, Mrs. Dr. Allen and Miss Clara McGeoch, prompts me to offer this humble tribute of gratitude. There are scores of friends whose names I should be glad to publish in this connection if space would permit and it would be gratifying to the general reader.

BOOKS AND MUSIC.

STRAY LEAVES is the title of an unpretentious book of poems from the press of The Blade Printing and Paper Co., Toledo, by Harvey A. Fuller, the blind lecturer. The object of the book, the author frankly declares, is to get gain, the means to live. Those who read these poems will have their spirits roused by the sadness that pervades the book. They show the sorrows of a sad heart, the troubles of a crushed spirit. They try to voice the thoughts and feelings of one who, stricken blind, looks back into the joyous days of buoyant youth, when the light still shone for him, when life seemed bright and full of hope. They tell of a blighted life, of agony of spirit, and yet of a determined Christian resignation to the will of God, and of a firm hope in the future. They speak of effort to be cheerful under afflictions by one who needs the help and sympathy of his more fortunate fellow creatures. —*Milwaukee Sentinel, June 2, 1889.*

Price of Stray Leaves.

Bound in Cloth, gilt edges.....$1.00
Paper Cover..... .25

STRAY LEAVES is the title of a neat little book of poems by Harvey A. Fuller. It contains many choice poems; a collection of brilliant flashes of thought, served in the shape of humor and pathos.—*Racine (Wis.) Journal, March 23, 1889.*

HARVEY A. FULLER, the blind lecturer and writer, is in the city. Mr. Fuller is a native of New York State, and a graduate of the New York Institution for the Blind. He is also a graduate of Hillsdale College, of Hillsdale, Mich., where he took the scientific course. At Hillsdale he was a fellow student with Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads." Mr. Fuller is 54 years of age, and was rendered totally blind at the age of 20, by inflammation of the eyes. "Stray Leaves" is a neat illustrated pamphlet of upward of 100 pages. It contains upward of 100 poems, on various subjects, grave and gay, including a collection of verses suitable for inscription in albums.—*Evening Wisconsin, May 29, 1889, Milwaukee, Wis.*

POEMS BY A BLIND POET.—There comes to the table of the literary editor a pamphlet full of bright and entertaining short poems, written by Harvey A. Fuller. It is well worth reading, and all can find something of interest in it.—*Evening Journal, Milwaukee, Wis., May 24, 1889.*

H. A. FULLER, the blind lecturer, who is now in the city, has issued a very neat little pamphlet, entitled "Life is a Stage." It is handsomely printed, and is a sprightly, interesting little work. Mr. Fuller possesses a large fund of readable information.—*Yenowine's News.*

STRAY LEAVES is the title of a volume of poems and verses, by Harvey A. Fuller. Some of the verses are very touching and truly poetic.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE WISCONSIN has received a copy of "How sad the Fate," a song and chorus, composed by Harvey A. Fuller, the blind lecturer and poet, and arranged by Henry A. Schmitz. The words are simple and affecting, and are set to a plaintive melody that is very pretty. A translation of the song into German has been made by August Krueger.—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, June 10, 1889.*

Price of Sheet Music.

HOW SAD THE FATE, Song and Chorus.....	35 cents.
I DREAMED ONE NIGHT, " " "	35 "
I EXCUSED HER, " " "	35 "

[From the Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Saturday, June 15, 1889.]

Interesting Autographs.

DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE ALBUM OF A BLIND POET.

H. A. Fuller, the blind poet, is preparing to issue a twelfth edition of his "Stray Leaves," the first editions having been exhausted. Mr. Fuller, has spent much of the past twenty years in lecturing. He carries autograph albums in which many persons, some of them quite distinguished, have written tributes of friendship and admiration. Among the inscriptions in one of the albums is the following:

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

SPIEGEL GROVE,

Fremont, O., 17th June, 1888.

LUCY W. HAYES.